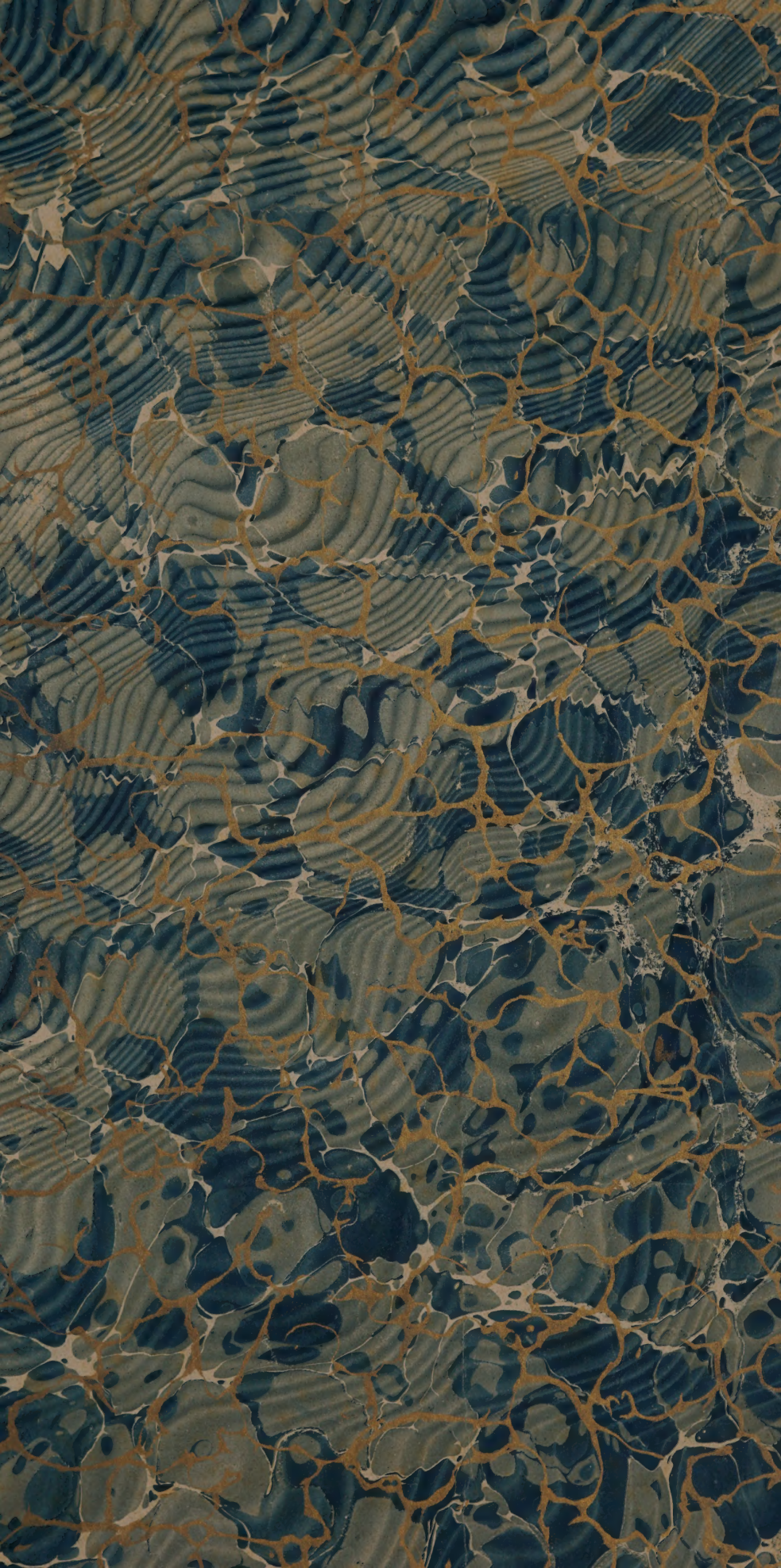






My Mother

"Oh! that @ spark of fire divine
Would wake this careless eye of mine;
Then, sitting humbly at thy knee,
My sweetest song should be of thee.
Then might I hope through toil and pain
A fadless laurel wreath to gain;
And plucking from my brow the bay,
The crown upon thy head I'd lay.

The gems that in earth's bosom shine
In countless thousands, were they mine,
I'd only count the treasure spent
When I should lay it at thy feet,
But I can ne'er repay, I know,
The boundless gratitude I owe;
Nor glittering gems, nor wealth of bay,
Could thy unselfish love repay.

And I am poor in wit and wealth—
Yes, poor in all but love and health;
And underneath all my praises be,
Yet sweetly sings my heart of thee."

William H. Keith

Verse.—

A Kiss! I dearly love @ Kiss
When it is rightly given;
To me it is the greatest bliss—
Oh! tis @ second heaven.

(A lingering kiss)

To a Lady's Album.

I have written you the vacant pages,
 And uncoloured, image human life,
 In which youth in the world's varied stages
 Finds its form and seeks the image of itself.
 The mind, polluted by the ink which Tully
 And Cicero, and their train of sages, use,
 Seems to oft & never melancholy
 The which soul doth vainly to perfume.

But this book my person'd fancy sully,

And name, in faintest ink! —

I am writing with a heart more dully

Than that which, shall here be found important.

I have written of your poetic feeling

In your poems, & that I may find

In your poems — each revealing

A heart which is so true & so refined.

I have written of your poems the volume:

But it is not a book of poems, it is a book

Of your poems, and of your poems, and of your poems.

I have written of your poems the volume:

But it is not a book of poems, it is a book

Of your poems, and of your poems, and of your poems.

I have written of your poems the volume:

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Of your poems, and of your poems, and of your poems.

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C

Charles W. Henry
Schr. M. G. L. L. L.
Promotions

Henry Gibson
Tremont Mass.

What the ...

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Journal of Wm. Martin Capt Josiah Cook

Sunday Jan 1st 1865
No Orbs.

These 24 hours begin with light baffling breezes from the E. Ship heading S.W. by S. All nature both animate and inanimate combined in the blessed employment of praising God summingly for the purpose of ushering in the New Year which has again become the annual visitant of man. May its appearance be welcomed with praise and Thanksgiving from all true lovers of Liberty for the endearing possession of that dearly bought Freedom which we now enjoy. Obtained by those who have gone before us but whose names will remain sacred until time shall draw her clouded veil of destruction over all leaving all things in obscurity. The ships crew are now busily engaged in cleaning and cutting the blubber of @ small Sperm whale taken yesterday in company with Barque Solon of St. Beaufort one of four taken by both vessels. The Solon now lays to lee and engaged likewise. Middle part of the day the same. After dark calm. The surrounding expanse exhibiting an unroofed surface. At 6 o'clock A.M. raised @ large school of Sperm Whales off our lee quarter. At 8 A.M. lowered away both boats in company with two of Barque Solon's boats and succeeded in taking three small whales. our boats getting one each. So ends these 24 hours.

Monday Jan 2nd
No Orbs.

This day commences with light breezes from the same quarter as the day previous. The boats still away fast the vessel gets to whales. Arrived on board with the whales at 7 P.M. after @ severe chase all hands being well exhausted. The Solon's boats taking their whale alongside the Barque. Night quite winds from the S.E. the Schooner heading S.W. by W. After dark weather and winds the same. At 8 A.M. commenced cutting in and at 11 A.M. finished. The Solon lies in close proximity to us engaged in @ like pursuit. So ends this day.

Cruising around the Cape Verde Islands

Tuesday Jan. 3rd
Lat 17. 59 N.

First part of these 24 hours makes its appearance with fresh breezes from the E. heading N. E. by N. under @ double reefed mainsail and jib. Employed in cutting up the lines and boiling. Everything now presents @ lively aspect. The Colon lays to windward boiling also. Middle and latter part an increase of wind and very rugged causing the vessel to lay very uncomfortably. So ends this day.

Wednesday 4th.
Lat 18. 12 N. Long. 23. 24 W.

These 24 hours commence with strong breezes from the E. ship heading N. E. by N. A very rugged sea more thick than continues to boil. Hoping to finish ere the weather becomes worse. Barque Colon still bears us company being but @ short distance off. Latter part the same. At 6 P. M. finished boiling. Saw @ Grampus from the masthead. At 11 o'clock A. M. wore ship.

Thursday Jan. 5th.
Lat 17. 55 N. Long. 23. 20 W.
First part strong breezes from the E. heading S. E. by E. Engaged in pumping water from Casks which are to be filled with Oil. Latter part much the same. At 6 P. M. commenced running Oil down below. at 9 P. M. finished stowing down the oil which gauged 32 Bbls. A Barque was seen far in the distance but was soon lost from view. Probably it was the Colon. So ends these 24 Hours.

Friday Jan. 6th.
Lat 18. 43 N. Long. 23. 34 W.
These 24 hours begin with moderate gale winds blowing from the E. ship heading N. E. by N. At 12 P. M. mustered all hands for the purpose of washing ship which was completed at 3 P. M. thus finishing the work already

all day upon sailing. Middle and latter
part winds the same. At 8 P.M. @ sail bore in sight but
soon disappeared. At 11 P.M. @ Schooner was seen one point
and half on the lee bow standing along on the wind. supposed
this to be a Provincetown Whaler. It ends these 24 hours.

Saturday Jan. 7th

Lat 18. 12 N Long. 23. 02 W

First part thick foggy weather with strong breezes from the
E. heading S.E. by E. At 1 P.M. wore ship finding the Schooner
had S.E. by S. A large school of Porpoises sporting under the
bows. There are now two sail to be seen. Latter part winds and
weather the same. At 7 o'clock A.M. another sail was seen off the
weather quarter. It ends these 24 hours.

Sunday Jan. 8th

P.M. Observations.

First part strong breezes from the E.N.E. heading S.E. by E.
ship laboring hard under @ heavy sea. At 3 P.M. saw @
number of small buches. Called them Boampuses. At 6 P.M.
tacked ship then heading N by E. Middle and latter an
increase of the sea. At 1 P.M. made all sail and bore away
S. S. W. for the Isle of Pal. where Lat. is 16. 40 N and Long. 22. 56 W.

Monday Jan. 9th

P.M. Obs.

These 24 hours commence with moderate gales from the
E.N.E. steering @ S. S. W. course with thick, foggy weather.
At 1 o'clock P.M. heaved to the wind not knowing our where-
abouts on account of getting no good sights and not wishing
to run to the leeward of the Island. At 4 P.M. made land
bearing S.E. by E. distant 10 miles. At 5 P.M. came to
an anchorage in Madeira Bay in 12 fathoms of water.
At 6 P.M. Schooner Eleanor J. Bonwell Capt. Killburn
came to an anchorage near near by us. Latter part foggy
weather and fresh breezes. employed in setting up the rigging.
At 10 P.M. Schooner Susan J. Smith dropped her anchor in this Bay.



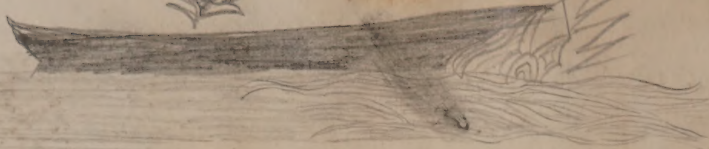


W. H. Keith 23

Mattapoisett, Mass.

Started

May 1869



28855

Georgia

Oh! me who is me!

7
John W. Carter Capt Josiah Cook

Sunday Jan 1st 1865
No Obs.

These 24 hours begin with light baffling breezes from the N. ship heading S. E. by S. All nature both animate and inanimate appear combined in the blessed employment of praising God seemingly for the purpose of ushering in the New Year which has again become the annual visitant of man. May its appearance be welcomed with praise and Thanksgiving from all true lovers of Liberty for the endearing possession of that dearly bought Freedom which we now enjoy obtained by those who have gone before us, but whose names will remain sacred untill time shall draw her clouded veil of destruction over all leaving all things in obscurity. The ship's crew are now busily engaged in hauling and cutting the flubber of @ small Sperm Whale taken yesterday in company with Barque Colon of New Bedford being one of four taken by both vessels. The Colon now lays to leeward engaged in @ like pursuit. Middle part of the day wind and weather much the same. Latter part calm the surrounding expanse exhibiting an unruffled surface.

At 6.30 A. M. raised @ large school of small Sperm Whales off the lee quarter. At 8 A. M. lowered both boats in company with two of Barque Colon's boats and succeeded in taking three small whales our boats getting one each. So ends these 24 hours. ~

Monday Jan 2nd
No Obs.

These 24 hours commence with light winds from the same quarter as yesterday. The boats still away from the vessel fast to whales. Arrived on board with the whales at 7 P. M. after @ severe chase all hands being well exhausted. the Colon's boats taking their whale alongside the Barque. Middle part winds from the N. E. the Schooner heading N. by W. Latter part the same. At 8 A. M. commenced cutting in and at 11 A. M. finished. The Colon lies in close proximity to us engaged likewise. So ends these 24 hours. ~

Cruising around the Cape Verde Islands

8.

Tuesday Jan. 3rd.

Lat. 17.59 N

First part of these 24 hours makes its appearance with fresh breezes from the E. heading N.E. by N under @ double reefed mainsail and jib. Employed in cutting up the heads and boiling. Everything now presents @ lively aspect. The Colon lays to windward boiling also. Middle and latter part an increase of wind causing @ very large sea. So ends these 24 hours. ~

Wednesday Jan 4th.

Lat. 18.12 N. Long 23.24 W

First part strong breezes from the E. Ship heading N.E. by N. A very rugged sea. Nevertheless continue to boil hoping to finish ere it becomes worse. The Colon still bears us company being @ short distance from us. Latter part winds the same. At 6 A.M. finished boiling. Saw @ Grampian from the masthead. At 11 o'clock A.M. wore ship. So ends these 24 hours.

Thursday Jan 5th.

Lat 17.55 N. Long 23.20 W.

First part strong breezes from the E. heading S.E. by E. Engaged in pumping water from Casks which are to be filled with Oil. Latter part no alteration of the winds. At 6.30 A.M. commenced running oil down below. and at 11.30 A.M. finished stowing down thirty two Barrels. A Barque was seen far in the distance but was soon lost from view. Probably it was the Colon. So ends this day.

Friday Jan. 6th.

Lat 18.43 N. Long 23.34 W

These 24 hours begin with moderate gales of wind flowing from the E. vessel heading N.E. by N. At 12.30 P.M. mustered all hands for the purpose of washing ship which was completed at 3 P.M. thus finishing the work always.

9
Schooner Wm. Hurler Cook Orleans ~

attendants upon taking whales. Middle and latter part winds the same. At 8 A.M. @ sail hoisted in sight but soon disappeared. At 11.30 @ Sch. was seen @ point and @ half off the lee bow standing along on the wind. Supposed her to be @ Provincetown Whaler. So ends these 24 hours.

Saturday Jan. 7th.
Lat. 18. 12 N. Long. 23. 02 W.

First part thick foggy weather with strong breeze from the E. heading N. by E. At 1 P.M. wore ship bringing the Schooner's head S. by E. A large school of Porpoises sporting under the bow. There are now too sail to be seen. Latter part winds and weather the same. At 7 A.M. another sail was to be seen off the weather quarter. So ends this day.

Sunday Jan. 8th. ~
No Obs.

First part strong breeze from the E. N. E. heading S. by E. the vessel laboring hard under @ heavy sea. At 3.30 P.M. saw @ number of small buccies from aloft. Called them Grampuses. At 6 P.M. tacked ship then heading N. by E. Middle and latter part an increase of wind. At 7 A.M. made sail and bore away S. S. W. for the Isle of Sal whose Lat is 16. 45 N. and Long. 22. 56 W. So ends this day.

Monday Jan. 9th.
No Obs. ~

These 24 hours begin with moderate gales from the E. N. E. Ship steering @ S. S. W. course with thick foggy weather. At 1 o'clock P.M. luffed to the wind not knowing our whereabouts allowing to not getting @ good sight, and not wishing to run to leeward of the Island. At 4 P.M. made land bearing S. by E. distant 10 miles. At 5.30 P.M. came to an anchorage in Madeira Bay in twelve fathoms of water. An hour after John Chanon B. Cornell Capt. Willburn came to anchor near. Latter part winds the same. Employed in setting up rigging. At 10.30 A.M. Sch. Susan A Smith. Maria came to anchor also. So ends.

Bound to the Isle of St. Cape and Islands

Tuesday Jan. 10th

These 24 hours begin with fresh breezes from the C. N. C. Vessel laying at anchor. All hands engaged in tautening rigging. At 5 P.M. lowered Starboard boat for the first time of drailing for fish. Had poor success catching one *Bariouta* only. At 7 P.M. went on board the C. B. Conwell. Latter part employed in scraping the vessels bends and making better stowage in the hold. A sail is seen in the distance standing for the Island. So ends these 24 hours.

Wednesday Jan. 11th

These 24 hours commence with fine weather and moderate breezes from the C. N. C. Laying at anchor with no employment. At 4.30 P.M. Schooner Chas. H. Cook. Cook of Provincetown came to anchor. Lowered away the Starboard boat and went on board after drailing for *Bariouta*'s meeting with poor success. Latter part fine breezes. Employed in ripping up the old mainsail and in various other pursuits. So ends these 24 hours

Thursday Jan. 12th

First part fresh breezes from the C. Still laying at anchor. Engaged in cleaning Copper. At 1.30 P.M. had the company of Mrs Martin on board from the S. N. Smith. After finishing work was gumming on board several vessels. Latter part blowing moderate gale. No business transactions on board ship. At 8 A.M. Schrs. C. H. Cook weighed anchor and went to sea standing to the N. So ends this day

Friday Jan. 13th

First part blowing very fresh from the N. Nothing doing on shipboard. At 2 P.M. Barge John, Barstow horn in sight around Lion Head Point standing for the Island. At 4 P.M. came to an anchor under the Lion's Head. An hour after the C. H. Cook having returned on account of bad weather outside dropped anchor again.

Shipboard William Martin

Latter part winds much the same. At daybreak the E. B. Cornwall
hoisted up anchor and started for the City lying on the opposite side
of the Island for the purpose of obtaining medical aid for the
Captain who was severely attacked yesterday with Bilious Cholera
and whose case is nearly hopeless. The John is now left in
charge of the first mate Capt Cook having gone to the City in the
E. B. Cornwall to assist the afflicted one who is highly esteemed
by all who know him. So ends these 24 hours.

Saturday Jan. 14th.

First part strong breezes. Laying at anchor. At 4 P.M. the
E. B. Cornwall arrived having landed her Captain at the City
our Captain remaining with him. Middle and latter part no
alterations in the wind. At 10 A.M. the Cornwall again departed
for the City to learn the fate of Captain Kilburn. Same time
John Passacus, Cook of Provincetown came to an anchor on
account of rough weather outside. So ends these 24 hours.

Sunday Jan. 15th

These 24 hours commence with strong breezes from the E.
Having no amusement on board to drive away dull care,
went gambling on board Susan S. Smith. At 9 A.M. the
E. B. Cornwall arrived again from the City bringing the intelli-
gence that Capt Kilburn still survived but in @ very
critical condition. not coming to anchor she soon left again
for the City. At 9.30 A.M. went to Parque Solon for @
change of company. So ends this day.

Monday Jan. 16th.

These 24 hours commence with fine weather and fresh
breezes from the E. gambling on board the Solon until 8 P.M.
at which time returned on board the Betty Martin. Latter part
pulled to the Solon after @ barrel of Fish Liver Oil belonging to us
after which visited the Passacus for the purpose of gambling

Laying at Anchorage, Cadiz. Bay of Gal.

Tuesday Jan 17th

First part fine breeze with good weather. Gaming on board
Sassaparilla at 2 P.M. then returned on board. 10th 11th
thru. 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st

~~Second part fine breeze with good weather. Gaming on board
Sassaparilla at 2 P.M. then returned on board. 10th 11th
thru. 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st~~

~~Third part fine breeze with good weather. Gaming on board
Sassaparilla at 2 P.M. then returned on board. 10th 11th
thru. 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st~~

~~Fourth part fine breeze with good weather. Gaming on board
Sassaparilla at 2 P.M. then returned on board. 10th 11th
thru. 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st~~

~~Fifth part fine breeze with good weather. Gaming on board
Sassaparilla at 2 P.M. then returned on board. 10th 11th
thru. 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st~~

~~Sixth part fine breeze with good weather. Gaming on board
Sassaparilla at 2 P.M. then returned on board. 10th 11th
thru. 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st~~

~~Seventh part fine breeze with good weather. Gaming on board
Sassaparilla at 2 P.M. then returned on board. 10th 11th
thru. 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st~~

~~Eighth part fine breeze with good weather. Gaming on board
Sassaparilla at 2 P.M. then returned on board. 10th 11th
thru. 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st~~

~~Ninth part fine breeze with good weather. Gaming on board
Sassaparilla at 2 P.M. then returned on board. 10th 11th
thru. 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st~~

Wednesday Jan 18th

These 24 hours begin with moderate breeze and fine weather.
Employed in breaking out for Pork. At 6 P.M. went on
board the C.B. Conwell for the purpose of gaming. Latter
part fine weather with more moderate winds. Thinking @ little
recreation beneficial took advantage of the favorable opportunity

and lowered away the Larboard Boat at 8 A.M. and directed our course towards the Lion's Head for the purpose of @ little fishing sport. Having met with good success at mid day went on shore for @ change of scene after which wended our way homeward (to the Ship) So ends this day

Thursday Jan. 19th

These 24 hours commence with good weather & accompanied with fine breezes from the N.E. the Boat gliding along motion like towards its destination which was reached at 2 P.M. At 4 P.M. Barque Solon weighed anchor and went to sea. Latter part much the same. At 6 P.M. got under way and made adieu to the barren Salt Island and stood seawards in company with the C.B. Cornwall (now commanded by her late Mate Mr. Marshall) and the Susan N. Smith the former being in advance and we bringing up the rear So ends these 24 hours.

Friday Jan. 20th

Fresh part @ thick overcast sky attended with strong breezes from the N.E. heading N by W. At 1 P.M. saw what was thought to be @ Humpback Whale off the weather bow. At 6 P.M. (Sunset) the Isle of Salt still in sight bearing S. E. distant thirty miles. The Susan N. Smith and C.B. Cornwall in sight also. Latter part moderate breezes. Three Schooners in sight astern. A school of Porpoises regardless of consequences playing under the bow. threw an iron into one and took him aboard So ends these 24 hours. Lat 17.55 N. Long. 23.50 W.

Saturday Jan. 21st

These 24 hours begin with light breezes from the N.E. heading N by E. Three Schooners and @ Bark in sight which is probably the Solon. Latter part much the same. At 7 A.M. wore around then heading S.E. by E. Two sail in sight. So ends these 24 hours Lat 18.02 N. Long. 23.58 W.

Sunday Jan. 22nd

These 24 hours commence with fine weather and light winds from the E. N. E. At 12.30 P. M. tacked ship bringing her head N by E. At 4 P. M. saw @ Finback from aloft. No sail to be seen. Latter part calm. At 11 A. M. saw @ number of small Griches four points off the lee bow. Too away for them but ascertained nothing farther. Thought them to be Grampuses. Two Schooners in sight to leeward. So ends this day. Lat 18° 46' N. Long. 24° 43' W.

Monday Jan. 23rd

First part light baffling winds from the E. N. E. heading S. E. by E. Large schools of Porpoises seen near the vessel. Two sail in sight. Latter part winds the same. Tacked ship bringing her head N by E. Saw @ Finback from the masthead. So ends these 24 hours. Lat 18° 35' N. Long. 24° 18' W.

Tuesday Jan. 24th

First part fine breeze from the E. by S. vessel heading N. E. Two Schooners and @ Bark in sight to leeward. Saw @ large number of Porpoises. At 6 P. M. tacked ship. Latter part the same. Heading S. E. by E. One sail in sight. So ends these 24 hours. Lat 18° 33' N. Long. 23° 57' W.

Wednesday Jan. 25th

First part light winds from the E. N. E. heading S. E. by E. Nothing in sight. Latter part winds the same. heading N. by E. A Barque, Steamer and Schooners in sight. So ends these 24 hours. Lat. 17° 55' N. Long. 22° 55' W.

Thursday Jan. 26th

First part fresh breeze from the N. E. heading E by S. At 3 P. M. tacked ship then heading N by W. A sail in sight. Latter part an increase of wind and sea. A Barque and three whaling Schooners seen manœvering to windward. Smoke also seen to arise from one of the Schrs. So ends this day. Lat 18° 25' Long. 24° 14'.

Friday Jan. 27th.
First part strong winds from the N.E. heading N by W.
Four sail in sight. At 3 P.M. tacked ship heading
E by S. Latter part much the same. Saw Schooners and
a school of Porpoises in sight. So ends these 24 hours.
Lat. 18. 16 N. Long. 23. 20 W.

Sat. Jan. 28th.
Commences with strong winds from the N.E. head-
ing N by S. One sail astern. Latter part an increase
of wind and sea. At 10 A.M. spoke Schr. Sassaacus.
Cook. Provincetown nothing since last leaving port.
Same time bore away S by W for the Isle of Pal in com-
pany with the Sassaacus. A Barge astern steering @
like course supposed to be the Colon. So ends this day.
Lat. 17. 34 N. Long. 23. 03 W.

Sunday Jan. 29th.
Begins with strong breezes from the N.E. with thick
foggy weather. Ship running for Land. At 4 P.M.
ruled Isle of Pal leaving S.W. distant about twelve
miles. At 8 P.M. came to an anchorage for the night
in Madeira Bay in seven fathoms of water the Sassaacus
doing the same. Latter part winds and weather the
same. At 4 A.M. hoisted up anchor and stood for St
Nicholas steering W.N.W. leaving the Sassaacus at an-
chor. A Barge run on the weather quarter running
before the wind probably @ merchantman. So ends these
24 hours.

Monday Jan 30th.
First part strong winds from the N.E. A school of
Killers following the vessels wake. At 1.30 P.M. dropped
anchor in Fresh Water Bay in twelve fathoms water. At 4
P.M. lowered away Landward Boat and pulled ashore for
the purpose of witnessing the Colored Beauties of Nature.
(Over)

Latter part strong and equally winds from the same quarter. Both Boats employed in getting Ballast from shore. So ends these 24 hours.

Tuesday Jan. 31st

First part strong winds from the N.E. Laying at anchor. Finished stowing Ballast at 1.30 P.M. after which went on shore for the purpose of trading with the Natives. after conveying purchases on board went drailing, succeeded in catching three Paricoutas. Latter part winds the same. At 5.30 A.M. got under way and ran @ westerly course for the Town of St George lying about twelve miles down the Coast. Came to an anchor at 7.30 A.M. At 10 A.M. pulled Starboard Watch ashore on Liberty. So ends these 24 hours.

Wednesday Feb. 1st

Commences with fresh breezes from the N.E. Vessel laying at anchor. Employed in mending Starboard Boat sail. after which went ashore the fashions and beauties of Natives to see. Latter part fine weather with more moderate winds. no engagements. So ends these 24 hours.

Thursday Feb. 2nd

First part light winds from the N.E. Laying at anchor. Employed in painting stern Boat. Latter part an increase of wind. Starboard watch ashore on Liberty Bent the Fore Square Sail for @ Smoke Sail during the Humpback season. Broke out two Barrels Black-fish oil and carried ashore for trading purposes. So ends these 24 hours. ~

Friday Feb. 3rd

Begins with fresh breezes from the N.E. Employed in getting off recruits. The Watch still ashore on Liberty which expires tomorrow. Latter part moderate breezes. At 10 A.M. Starboard watch came on board and the

(Over)

7
Larboard watch went ashore on Liberty. Engaged conveyances (Jack asses) and all proceeded to the Town of Stanchelying five miles in the interior of the Island. So ends. ~

Saturday Feb. 4th.
Fine weather. Ashore at Stanchely on Liberty. While there Barque Solon and R. L. Barstons dropped anchors at St George, having seen nothing lately. Latter part weather much the same. Thus ends these 24 hours. ~

Sunday Feb. 5th
Fine weather with light winds. At Stanchely on Liberty.
At 3 P.M. returned on board ship for trade. But returned immediately to the Town where upon arriving received (by Capt Barstons) the sad and unwelcome intelligence of @ Brothers in Laws death. In the evening witnessed @ Row Tow danced by the Natives. Latter part fine weather. Engaged in scouring about the Town. So ends. ~

Monday Feb. 6th
Pleasant weather. Still remaining at the Town until 4 P.M. when we started for Port when was reached at 5.30 P.M. Went on board the vessel. But soon went back again to attend @ Row Tow Dance. Latter part at 10 A.M. our Liberty having expired, the watch returned on board when the Windlass was manned and both anchors hove up. Got under way at 11 A.M. and stood N.W. with light, variable winds for the Isle of St. Lucia, lying but @ short distance from here. So ends this day. —

Tuesday Feb. 7th.
Commenced with very light breezes from all quarters. Saw @ small Fin-back Whale which came near the vessel. At 6 A.M. the Islands of St. Lucia, Branceo and Ragon in sight, but @ few miles distant. A Coasting Schooners seen heading to the Northward probably bound to St Vincent. (Ours)

18
Last part Calm with the exception of occasional Cat-
Paws. Saw @ Humpback and large numbers of Black-
Fish and Porpoises. So ends these 24 hours. ~

Wednesday Feb 8th

Commences with fresh breezes from the N.E. Vessel head-
ing N.W. bound to St Lucia. Saw @ Humpback.

At 5 P.M. dropped anchor in seven fathoms of water.
Last part fresh breezes. Saw @ Humpback but did not
give chase. Employed in painting ship. Thus ends this day.

Thursday Feb 9th

First part fresh breezes from the N.E. At 1 P.M. finished
painting ship. At 2 P.M. lowered away the Larboard boat
for @ Couple of Humpbacks. Chased them until 4 P.M.
without success and then returned on board. Last part
light baffling winds. At 7 o'clock A.M. hoisted up anchor
and stood for St Vincent distant about fifteen miles.

Saw another Whale but did not lower away. So ends.

Friday Feb 10th

Begins with very light winds. At 6 P.M. came to an an-
chor in in fourteen fathoms of water. After
which lowered away Larboard boat and pulled to
Pedro Bay four miles distant in search of Schooner
Abbie H. Brown having heard that she lay there. But
upon arriving there found she had previously left
for the City situated nearly ten miles up the Channel.
Saw @ Whale but did not pursue. Last part moder-
ate breezes. At 6.30 A.M. saw @ Humpback. Lowered
away the boat and gave chase the L boat
getting fast succeeded in turning him fair
up after being well run out to sea. The Schr then got
under way and ran down to us. Took the Whale along-
side and proceeded to tow him to an anchorage. So ends
these 24 hours. ~

Saturday Feb. 11th

Commenced with fine breezes from the N.W. Dropped anchor in Bay with the Whale alongside. At 1 P. M. commenced cutting in. Latter part Feb 11 A. M. finished cutting in. Saw three Steam Frigates which had left the City running down the Channel bound to the Southward. Two Fish Boats came alongside belonging to the Natives by them we were informed that the A. H. Brown took a small whale yesterday off the City. Ends these 24 hours.

Sunday Feb. 12th

Commenced with very light winds and fine weather. Employed in sending down cutting gear, heaving and cutting Blubber. At 2 P. M. finished then ceased operations for the day. At 5 P. M. saw two whales under the Land. Lowered away the boats but could not get near them. Latter part fine breezes. At 7 A. M. got the vessel under way and started for the City of St Vincent laying to the northward and Eastward. Ends this day.

Monday Feb. 13th

Fine breezes. Dropped anchor at 1 P. M. after which commenced Tailing. Latter part fine breezes and good weather. Employed in Tailing. A Spanish Steam Frigate bound to Montevideo Uy. arrived after a supply of Coal. Ends these 24 hours.

Tuesday Feb. 14th

Begins with fine variable winds. Laying off the City. Finished Tailing at 6 P. M. Latter part calm. Employed in running down oil. Ends these 24 hours.

Wednesday Feb. 15th

First part. Light baffling winds. Finished stowing down all the oil which gauged thirty five barrels: after which washed ship. At night one boat crew went ashore.

(Over)

Lighter parts winds the same. At 6 A.M. got the Schs. under way with the A.H. Brown intending to run down to Pedro Bay. But as the vessel could make no headway on account of light winds and unfavorable tide lowered away the L-boats and went in advance of the vessel hoping to meet with @ monsters of the deep. Soon after the A.H. Brown Starboard Boat was lowered also and bore us company having decided to mate. Saw four whales and after much maneuvering the Browns' boats succeeded in fastening to @ small whale. So ends these 24 hours.

Thursday Feb. 16th.

First parts nearly calm. Both boats fast to the whale. Turned him up at 2 P.M. and towed him into Pedro Bay. After anchoring the whale our boats returned on board to spread the news. the other boats remaining by the whale. Reached the vessel at 4.30 P.M. which had made but little headway since leaving her and finding it impossible to reach our destination before nightfall on account of light winds and unfavorable tides proceeded to tow the vessel into the nearest anchorage where we arrived and dropped mud-hook at 6 P.M. Lighter parts light airs. At 6 A.M. hove up anchor with the intention of continuing our journey to Pedro Bay. But upon reaching the Channel got becalmed and lowered away the Starboard boats and towed the vessel hoping to reach the Bay before nightfall. Starboard boats away after whales. So ends this day.

Friday Feb. 17th.

Begins with light baffling winds. Starboard boats away and Starboard boats towing. At 4 P.M. Starboard boats returned on board having seen nothing since leaving the vessel. Soon after lowered both boats and went in pursuit of @ school of whales without success. returned on board and again towed the vessel. Dropped anchor at 7 P.M. Lighter parts (One

parts fine weather with light breezes. Lowered the boats and went in search of whales the vessel laying at anchor. Saw nothing. Two Steamers in sight, one an Englishman bound to Port, the other a Spanish Frigate bound South.
So ends these 24 hours.

Saturday Feb. 18th.
First parts fine weather with light breezes. Vessel laying at anchor. A boat from the A. H. Brown lying in Pedro Bay came alongside. Latter parts winds and weather the same. Both boats down after whales but saw none excepting two Fin backs. Thus closes this day.

Sunday Feb. 19th.
Commenced with moderate breezes. Both boats chasing whales but without success. Latter parts fresh breezes from the N.E. Vessel laying at anchor. Employed in writing home. So ends this day.

Monday Feb. 20th.
Begins with strong breezes from the N.E. Lowered the boats and went on board the A. H. Brown. Saw two Humpbacks but did not give chase. An English Merchant's Barque from the City came down the passage, bound South. Latter parts winds the same. Hoisted up anchors and cruised for whales. Lowered away the boats for a Humpback but got none. Thus ends these 24 hours.

Tuesday Feb. 21st.
Commenced with strong breezes. Vessel under way cruising about the Island. Saw Humpbacks and covered without success. A Steamer in sight bound up the Channel. At 4 P.M. came to anchor in Philiminge Bay. Latter parts fresh winds. Hoisted up anchor and again cruised about the Island. Saw whales but got none. So ends these 24 hours.

Wednesday Feb. 22nd.

First part strong breeze. Hove up anchor and went in search of Whales. Saw them but got none. Finished @ Eleven. He sent home and pulled on board the A. H. Brown and then left it to be carried to Town by her. At 4 P. M. came to anchor in Philipine Bay. Latter part at daylight hove anchor. Saw nothing. Then A. H. Brown left Pedro Bay and went to Town. A Portuguese Topsail Schooner came down the passage bound to the Eastward. Thus ends this day.

Thursday Feb. 23rd

First part strong winds. Then cruising for whales. At 3 P. M. raised @ Cow and Calf. Lowered away the boats and gave chase. Starboard boats succeeded in fastening to the Calf. Soon after struck the Cow also. Turned them both up but the Calf being very small and worthless was let adrift. Then ran down took the Cow alongside and towed it into Pedro Bay. Anchored at 7 P. M. Latter part winds the same. Commenced cutting in. Then boats alongside fishing. So ends this day.

Friday Feb. 24th ~

Began with strong breeze. The vessel laying at anchor in Pedro Bay employed in cutting in. Latter part winds the same with thick smoky weather. Engaged in cutting in. At 10 A. M. finished. Two Fishing boats came alongside for the purpose of towing away the Carcass to the shore. So ends these 24 hours. ~

Saturday Feb. 25th

First part very strong winds. Employed in cutting horse pieces. Finished at 4 P. M. and perceiving that the vessel was dragging let go the Starboard anchor. Latter part winds the same. employed in fishing. Saw two whales. and @ Merchant's Barge bound up the Channel. So ends these 24 hours. ~

Just before the battle
 and drinking mountain dew
 But when I heard the rebels coming
 To the rear I quickly flew
 Where my comrades they were flying
 Thinking of this moment and of loved
 Was not the rebels they feared dear mother
 Was their own dear precious lives
 2nd

I have no thirst for martial glory
 Fame and honor is all in my eye
 I rather be a home guard militia
 Than a brigadier of the horse
 I have a good cracker team and
 I got the things to make me
 I want I am not ambitious
 I just want early retirement
 3rd

Back to hear the bugle sounding
 It's the signal for the day
 I think I'll stick behind for a while
 Then I shall be off I.K.
 Discretion is the better part of valor
 I have I've often said I am
 And you that I see there
 Don't fight if they can run away
 I hope

Especially mother I'll be
 All my name running the show
 For of it can't be shakable
 Dear mother I'll come home soon

The Sailor Boy's Farewell.

Farewell to father, blessed hulk,
In spite of metal, spite of bulk,
His cable soon may slip;
Yet while the parting tear is moist,
The flag of gratitude I'll hoist
In duty to my ship.

Farewell to mother, first class she,
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,
And rigged me fore and aft;
May Providence her timbers spare,
And keep her hull in good repair,
To tow the smaller craft.

3rd.

Farewell to sister, lovely yacht:
But whether shall be manured or not
I cannot now foresee.
May some good ship @ tender prove,
Well found in stores of truth and love
And take her under lee.

4th.

Farewell to — the jolly boat,
And all the little craft afloat,
In home's delighted bay.
When they arrive at sailing age,
May wisdom prove the weather gauge,
And guide them on their way.

5th.

Farewell to all on life's rude main,
And though we neer may meet again
Through stress of stormy weather;
Yet summoned by the bard above
We'll harbour in the port of love,
And all be moored together

W. H. H.



Schr. Wm. Martin. Orleans, Mass.

1 Pocket Glass Bible
Worcester's Dictionary (Comprehensive)
Sargent's Fifth Reader
Blank Book (for songs)
Lead Pencils
Water Paints
Ivory Rule

The Compass.

Thou art O God my East! in thee I dawned,
 Within me ever let thy dayspring shine!
 Then for each night of sorrow I have mourned
 I'll bless Thee Father! for it seals me thine!

Thou art O God my North! my tumbling soul
 Like the charmed needle points to Thee alone;
 Each wave of time, each storm of life, shall roll
 My trusting spirit onward to Thy Throne!

Thou art O God my South! thy gentle love
 Perennial sunshine on my path has shed;
 And constant verdure from thy warmth above
 With Wine and Oil thy grateful child has fed.

Thou art O God my West! into thine arms
 Glad as the setting sun, may I recline,
 Baptized from earthly stains and sin's alarms,
 Reborn arise in thy new heavens to shine."

129
The Dying Sailor-Boy.
See, on vessel swiftly sailing!
Hear the cry on board resound!
What means all this great rejoicing?
Happy crew! they're homeward bound.

See you harbor in the distance!
Soon the good ship will be there;
And the noble, hardy sailors
Then will rest from toil and care.

But there's one among the number
Lying in his bunk below,
Who will never see that harbor,
Nor another greeting know.

On his brow the death-damp gathers,
As he calls his mother's name—
"Mother I had hoped to meet you,
And it was my only aim."

"Now I feel the soft breeze blowing,
Coming from the land I love;
And I hear your sweet voice calling,
Yet another calls above."

"Though your hand I'm almost clasping,
And your lips mine almost press,
Yet I'm going, mother, going
"To that land of happiness."

Safe in port the vessel anchored,
And upon the shore there came
One whose heart was full rejoicing,
As she called her son by name.

But she heard his comrades' story,
And her heart was much riveted—
She had hoped and prayed to meet him
Ere she reached the port of heaven.

Expenses from Oct. 24th 1875 ~~to Dec. 14th 1875~~

To Mending Boots	90
" " do at N. York.	20
" 1 lb. Candy sent to Rena	45
" 1/2 Doz. Coat Buttons, to Taylors	10
" Estimate of Cigar bill to Dec. 14 th ,	3.00
" Fare to N. York	3.00
" Board bill and trucking Check	10.50
" 4 Stamps. Paper & Envelopes at N.Y.	20
" Store Tickets	10
" Knife & Belt. Soap. Mittens Pot Purse	1.75

Birth and Parentage

My eyes first opened upon this world in Mattapoisett, Mass. Sept. 3rd. 1846. What my first impressions were, when I saw the sights, I do not know except that they were similar to those received by other little ones on like occasions. My advent created no little sensation in our house. My parents were greatly rejoiced at my safe arrival, my father when first looking on me, being so tickled he could hardly hold in. Soon my uncles and aunts came to see me, and my arrival became the topic of general conversation throughout the neighborhood. My mother and others often toted me first here and then there, sometimes tossing me up and down, deeming it no small privilege to do so. But for all these kind attentions I was not always gratified, for old Adam's disposition, somehow or other, got mixed in with my nettle as quick as I got here; so, as a general thing, I was not very well contented with my new condition, often becoming fretful, and squalling almost hard enough to split my throats. Indeed, I became so used to crying, that it was no hardship to do so, and did not always know what I cried for. If I had understood the true state of the case, I should no doubt have acted differently. I did not know then that all who came here had to begin in this small way; that the greatest, president, emperor or king that ever lived, had to commence life as I did, at times squalling, fustling little fellow.

My parents' names are Charles and Rachel W. Keith and shortly after joining the family I was named William H. Keith which was duly recorded in the family record.

William H. Keith
On Board Schr. Edith May
Of Weymouth Mass.
At Sea May 12th. 1868.

Handwritten text in a cursive script, possibly a signature or a short note, located in the center of the page.

Handwritten text at the bottom of the page, possibly a date or a short note.

The Closing Year

The closing year, — awakens of memory and of thoughts. Reminding us of friends who were with us at its commencement, who now are sleeping the last long sleep of death. How many of its hours have been mispent, how many of its advantages unimproved. We cannot recall them, they have passed away forever.

Yet another year is dawning upon us, with its hopes and fears, and we may at least learn wisdom from the past, and improve the future, ere that too shall have passed away.

The closing year, — how much of joy and sorrow than has brought to us. Then reminds us that we too must pass away, that our days are numbered like thy run, and like thine must have an end. "Passing away," 'tis written upon all. Everything bears its impress. Yet although one must pass away, our passing is not like thine. Thy end is final, and thoughts can recall thee. Ours but the extinguishment of life's taper in this world to be relighted in the next.

The Closing Year. — May we gather profits from thy memories: may another closing year find us wiser and better for thy teachings, and thy lessons be imprinted in our hearts.

By Willie H. Keith
At Sea Dec 31st, 1868
On Board Schr. Edith May
Capt Jacob Cross. (Commanding)

The Ocean

There is a charm within the Ocean's swell,
 Upon the bright blue sea, a spell,
 A music in the rolling deep
 And foaming waves, where thousands sleep.

The waves have rolled since first the lights
 Broke on the world serene and bright,
 Thousands of years have passed and gone,
 Yet still they heave in silence on.

How many brave and manly hearts
 Repose beneath thy spray,
 Bright gems of Gold, and jewels rare,
 Are heaped in wild profusion there,
 Mideels coral rocks and sea flowers fair,
 These are thy prey.

Roll on, forever roll;
 Thy dashing is their only funeral ^{bell} knell:
 Their requiem, and their knell:
 Roll on: yet must thou cease to roll.
 When time shall cease forever,
 Then those within thy dark embrace
 Shall once again to life awake,
 Unlike thee, perish never.

By William H. Keith.
 No. Sea June 10th 1867.



70

X

I'll Love You More
To Rena.

Yes I'll love you Oh! how dearly.
Words but faintly can express.
My fond heart beats too sincerely.
Excuse life to love you less. ✓

No my fancy never ranges.
Hopes like mine can never soar.
If the love I cherish, changes.
I will only be to love you more. ✓

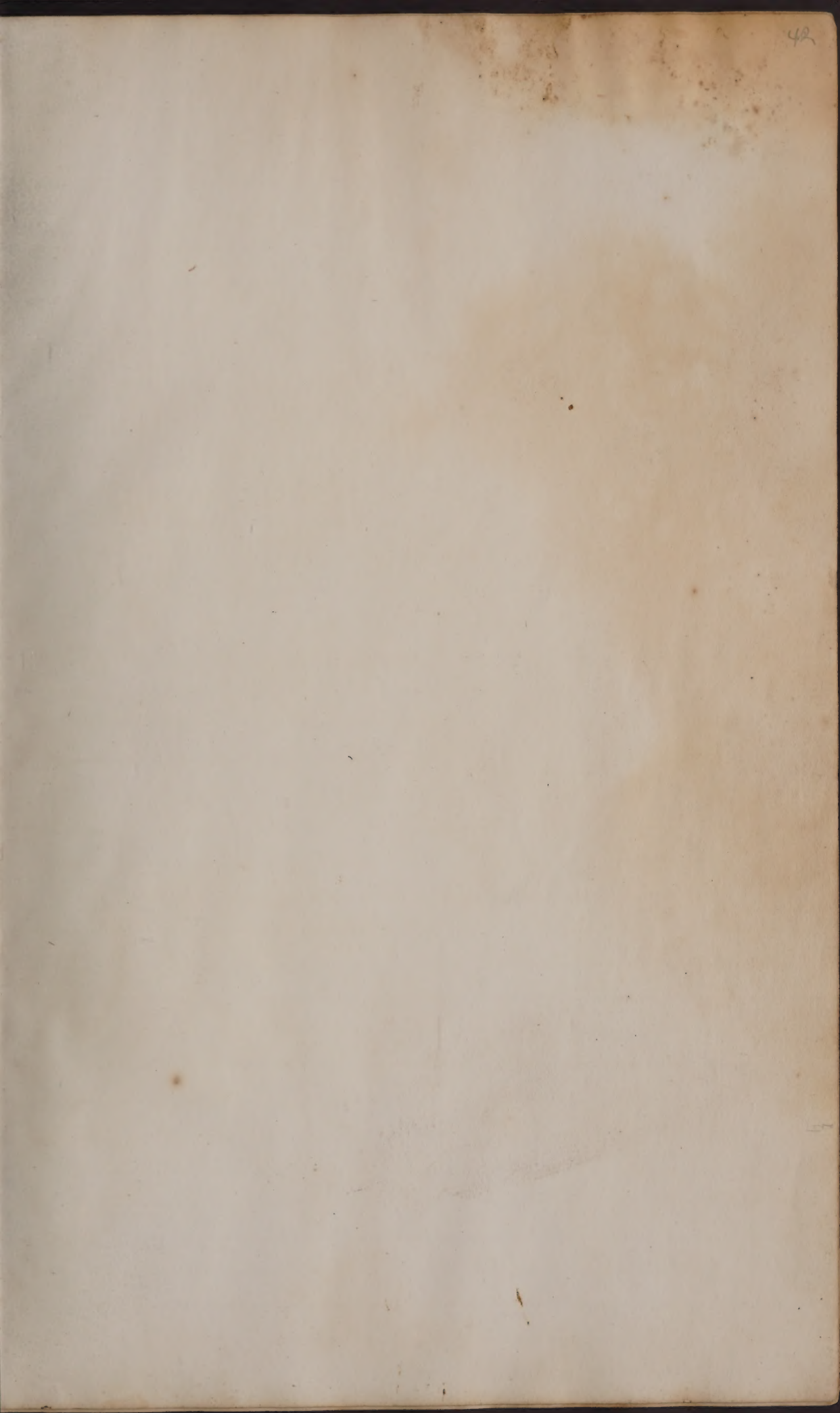
Tho' the world hath many sorrows,
And perhaps they will be ours.
Love from tears & brightness borrows.
Like the earth in Summers' showers.

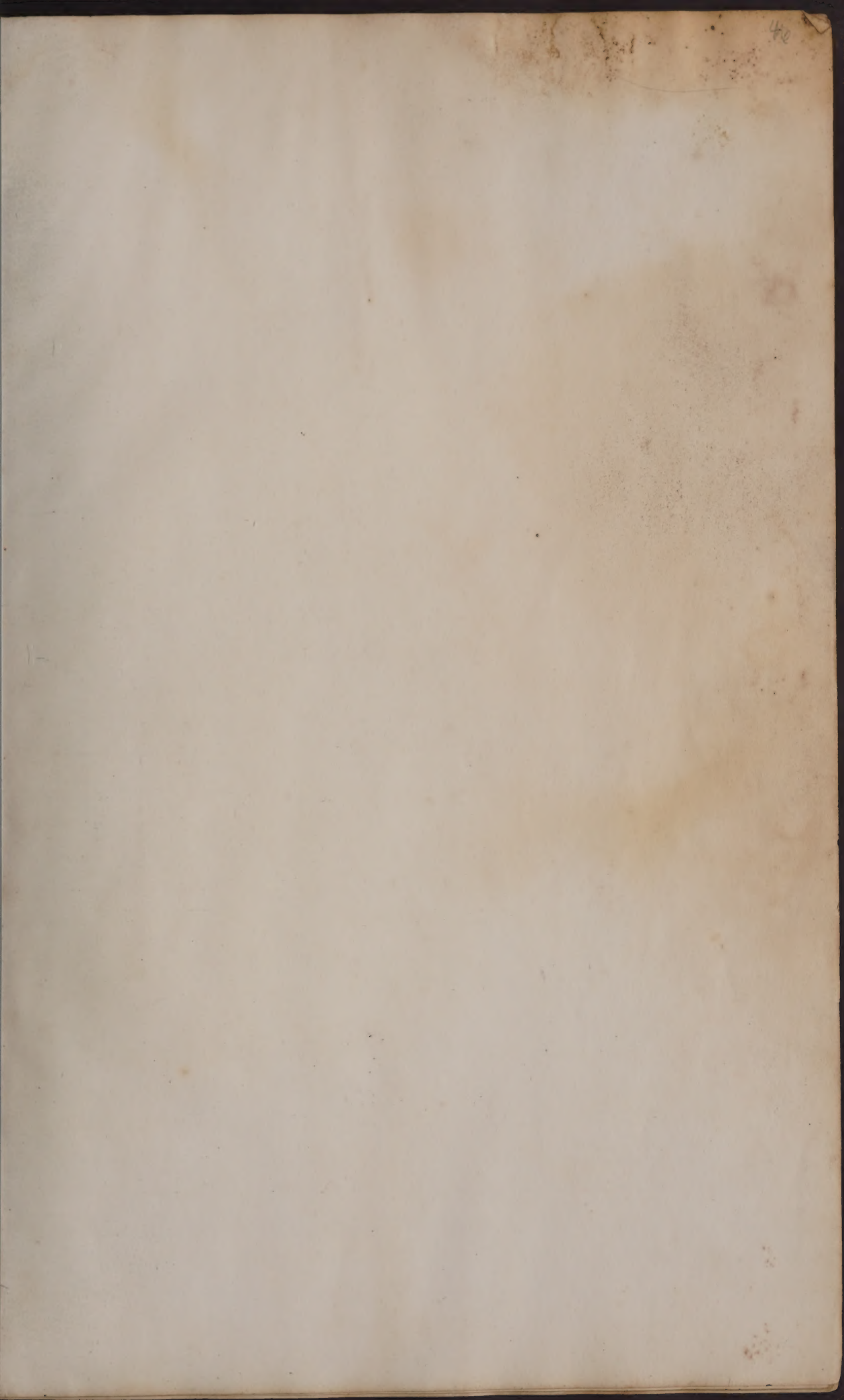
We will share our griefs and gladness
In the future as of yore.
And in all your hours of sadness
Dearest, then I'll love you more.

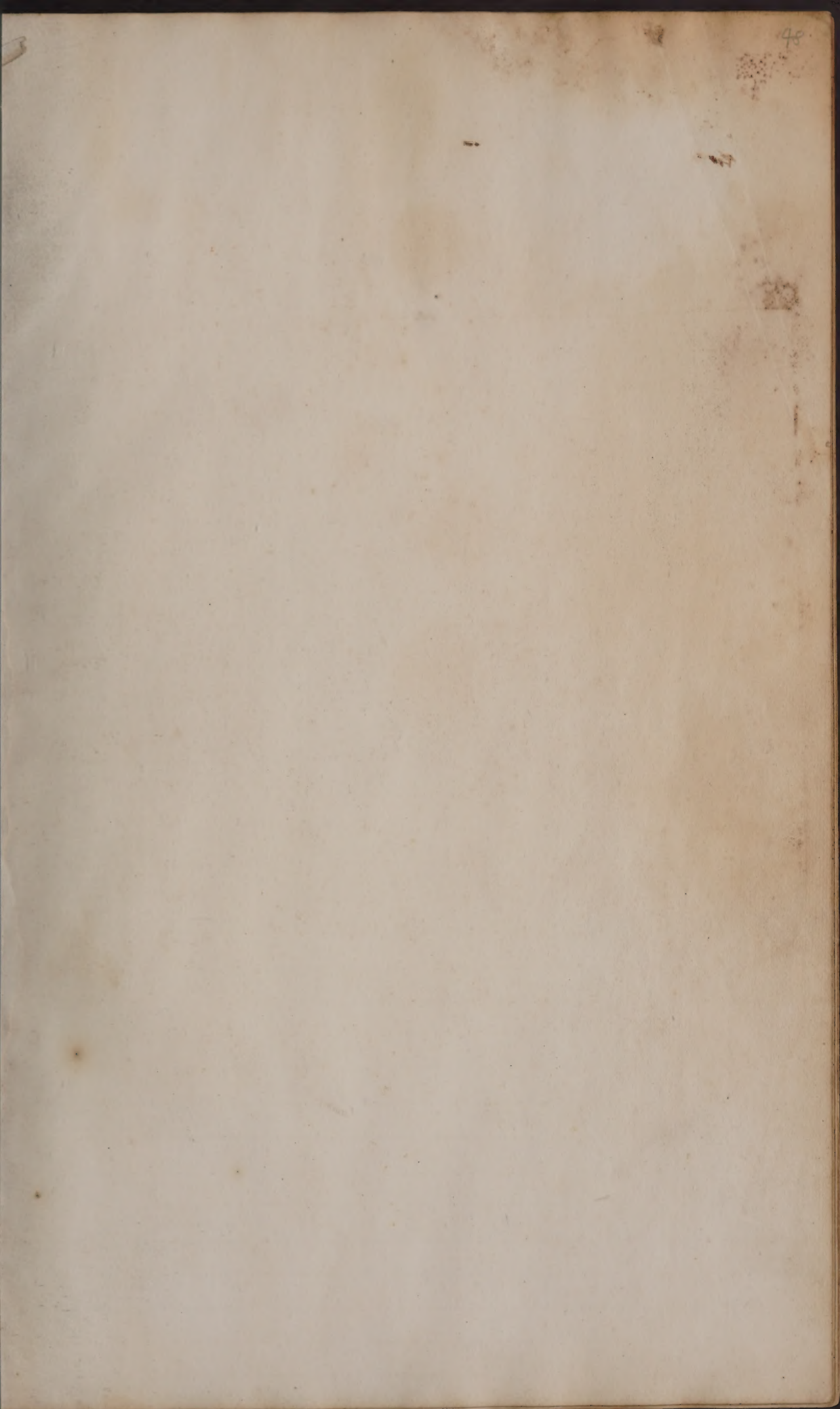
Youth may pass, but ask not, whether
When you're old, I'll love as true.
Shall we not grow old together.
And times changes mark me too?

Life may change, - but then to heaven.
Will my pure affection soar.
Yes, when freed from earthly leaven.
Dearest, then I'll Love You more. (Willie.)

(Schr Esra Nash)
His Dear Feb. 8th. 1871.







William O' Riley.

As I was out walking one morning in May.
The fields were in blossom & the meadows so gay
When I espied @ fair damsel she appeared like a green
With @ costly fine robe round her mantle so green.

I says my pretty fair maid if you'll but go with me
It'll be to join in wedlock and married will be.
And I will dress you in rich attire you'll appear like a queen
With @ costly fine robe round your mantle so green.

She says my pretty young man I must you refuse
For I will wed with the man so you must excuse
But through the green fields I will ramble & learn to know you
Since the land that I love is at famed Waterloo.

Since you will not marry me pray tell me your loved name
For I've been in battle and might know the same
Draw near to my fair mantle it is there to be seen
For his name is an evidence on my mantle so green.

She threw back her fair mantle and there to behold
His name and her own name were in letters of gold
It is William O' Riley it appeared in full view
He was my chief commander at famed Waterloo

He there fought for victory where bullets did fly
On that field of honor your true love did die
He fought for two days till the third afternoon
He received his death summons on the 18th of June.

When he was a dying these words I heard him say
If you were true Nancy contents would I die.
She then fell in my arms with her heart full of woe.
Rise up lovely Nancy your sorrows are o'er.

Couldst you remember the last time we met
It was in your father's garden when I first gained your heart
It was in your father's garden where we oftentimes have been
Where I now more will behold you in your mantle so green

Widow In The Cottage By The Sea

Just one year ago tonight love

I became your happy bride

Changed @ mansion for @ cottage

To dwell by the riverside.

You told me I'd be happy

But my happiness I see

For tonight I'm left @ widow

In the cottage by the sea.

Chor.

Alone, alone, by the seaside he left me.

And no other bride I'll be

For in bridal robes he deserted me

In the cottage by the sea.

From my cottage by the seaside

I can see my mansion home.

I can see the hills and valleys

Where in pleasure we have roamed.

6
Lady Franklin's Lament.

The Lady of the Lake
By Scott

77
Dolce Jones. —

Oh! white folks do not wonder when I again appear
I've just been over yonder to see my Dolce dear
My Dolce steps so lightly all o'er the bricks and stones
And the eyes they shine so brightly of my darling Dolce Jones
Chorus.

Bye and bye my darling
Will sleep to the rattle of the bones
And slumber on till morning
My darling Dolce Jones.

When I does go @ courting through all the mud and rain
I leave my old horse snorting at the corner of the lane
I find my Dolce sweeping and charm her with the bones
Then slumber on till morning my darling Dolce Jones

I went down town this morning to sing @ little song
My Dolce gave me warning to bring my boots along
For the yard is paved with silver pegs the house is built of stone
And the face that's at the window is darling Dolce Jones

Rest, Lilla, Rest.

They have smoothed down the locks of her soft golden hair.
And folded her arms o'er her breast.

They have laid her at ease in the valley so fair
Midst the blossoms of summer to rest.

Chorus. Oh rest, Lilla rest, no tears can assail
For green grows the turf on thy tear moistened grave.
And the fairest flower of the vale

Alone by the brook that murmurs soft on my ear.
She sleeps with the turf on her breast.

They have laid her at rest in the valley so fair
Midst the flowers of summer to rest.

Chorus. Rest &c &c.

She sleeps near the spot that she marked for repose
Where the flowers soon blossom in spring.
Where the zephyrs first breathe the perfume of the rose.
And the birds come at evening to sing.

Chorus. Rest &c &c.

9
The Drummer-Boy Of Waterloo.
When battle roared its warlike sound
And carnage loud her trumpet blew
Young Edwin Riley left his home
A Drummer-boy for Waterloo.

Chorus. Repeat the two last lines of each verse.

His mother when his lips did press
And bade her noble boy adieu
With ringing hands and aching breast
Beheld him march for Waterloo.

The boy that knew no infant fear
His knapsack o'er his shoulder threw
Saying Mother, Mother dry those tears
Till I return from Waterloo.

He went, and ere the set of sun
Beheld his arms the foe subdued.
But the flash of death from the enemies gun
Had laid him low at Waterloo.

Oh! Comrades! comrades Edwin cried
While proudly gleamed his eyes of blue
Go tell my mother, Edwin died
A soldier's death at Waterloo.

They laid his head upon his drum
Beneath the moon light's mournful hue
When night had hushed the battle's roar
They dug his grave at Waterloo.

Josie At The Gate.

With thou meet me to night, at the old garden gate?
 Meet me there for I've something sweet to say,
 And I long to meet you there where so oft we've met before.
 Ere I leave thee to wander far away.
 Meet me there, meet me true, for I've words of love for you,
 Meet me there for the hour is growing late.
 And I'll whisper in your ear something sweet for you to hear.
 If you'll meet me darling Josie at the gate.

Chorus. With thou meet me at the gate, at the gate?
 With thou meet me at the gate, at the gate?
 And I'll whisper in your ear something sweet for you to hear.
 If you'll meet me darling Josie at the gate

O. I'm going far away from the old garden gate
 And perhaps we may never meet again,
 But I'll ever think of you and my heart will beat as true
 As the sun, no matter where I roam.
 Do not grieve darling one though I'm going far away
 Then come nor repine at cruel fate
 And I'll whisper in your ear something sweet for you to hear.
 If you'll meet me darling Josie at the gate.
 Cho. With thou meet me, &c. &c.

Ever Of The

My Country 'Tis Of Thee

63
Shells Of Ocean

87
4
Happy are We To-Night.

The Hazel Dill.

11

Home Without A Mother.

Last Greeting

I'm Leaving Thee.

I'm Leaving Thee

What are The Wild Waves.

I cannot call her Mother.

Jamie's On The Stormy Sea.

Comin' Thro' The Rye

The Grave Of Bonaparte.

Sparkling Sunday Night.

75
Kind Words Can Never Die.

Thou Hast Learned To Love.

Home Again.

The Long Slavery Hours.

Home. Sweet Home!

Where Are The Friends?

The Dearest Spot.

104
We Miss The At Home

The Child's Wish

O, I long to lie dear mother
On the cool and fragrant grass,
With the calm blue sky above my head,
And the shadowy clouds that pass:
And I want the bright, bright sunshine
All round about my bed;
I'll close my eyes, and God will think
Your little boy is dead.

Then Christ will send an angel
To take me up to him;
He will bear me slow and steadily,
Far through the ether dim;
He will gently, gently lay me
Close by the Saviour's side;
And when I'm sure that I'm in heaven,
My eyes I'll open wide.

And I'll look among the angels
That stand around the throne
Till I find my sister Mary,
For I know she must be one;
And when I find her, mother,
We will go away alone;
I'll tell her how we've mourned for her,
All the while that she's been gone.

O, I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again;
Though I know she'll not return to us, —
To ask her would be vain;
So I'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I say to her,
And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you;
He will bear me slow and steadily
Down through the ether blue,
And you'll only think, dear mother,
That I've been out to play;
And have gone to sleep beneath the tree,
This sultry summer-day.

✓
Be Kind To The Loved Ones.

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?

He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue
And joined in thy innocent glee.

Be kind to thy father, for now he is old, —

His locks intermingled with gray:

His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold:

Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother; for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;

O, will thyself then cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.

Remember thy mother; for she will she pray,

As long as God giveth her breath;

With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,

Even to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother; his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn.

The flowers of feeling will fade at their wither,

If the dew of affection be gone.

Be kind to thy brother; wherever you are,

The love of a brother shall be

An ornament purer and richer by far

Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister; not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love!

The wealth of the ocean lies fastness below

The surface that sparkles above.

Be kind to thy father once fearless and bold:

Be kind thy mother so near.

Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold;

Be kind to thy sister so dear.

Kathleen Mavourneen

Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking;
 The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
 The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking
 Kathleen Mavourneen, what's slumbering still?
 O, hast thou forgotten how long we must sever?
 O, hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
 It may be for years, and it may be forever;
 Why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers!
 The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
 Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers!
 Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!
 Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
 To think that from Erin and thee I must part!
 It may be for years, or it may be forever;
 Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

Johnny Sands.

A man whose name was Johnny Sands,
Had married Betty Hague.
And though she brought him gold and lands
She proved a terrible plague;
For O, she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whims;
He said that he was tired of life
And she was tired of him.
And she was tired of him.

Says he, "Then I will drown myself:
The river runs below:"
Says he, "Pray do you silly elf:
I wished it long ago."
Says he, "Upon the brink I'll stand:
Do you run down the hill,
And push me in with all your might!"
Says she, "My love, I will."
Says she "My love I will!"

For fear that I should courage lack,
And try to save my life,
Pray tie my hands behind my back:"
"I will," replied his wife:
She tied them fast, as you may think,
And when securely done,
"Now stand," says she, upon the brink
And I'll prepare to run.
And I'll prepare to run."

All down the hill his loving bride
Now ran, with all her force,
To push him in; he stepped aside
And she fell in, of course;
Now splashing, dashing, like a fish.
"O save me, Johnny Sands!"
I can't, my dear, though much I wish,
For you have tied my hands,
For you have tied my hands.

Is It Any Body's Business

Is it any body's business, if @ gentleman should choose
To wait upon @ lady, if the lady don't refuse?
Or to speak @ little plainer, that the meaning all may know,
Is it any body's business, if @ lady has @ beau?

Is it any body's business when that gentleman does call?
Or when he leaves the lady? or if he leaves at call?
Or is it necessary that the curtain should be drawn,
To save from further trouble the outside lookers on?

Is it any body's business but the lady's if her beau
Rides out with other ladies, and doesn't let her know?
Is it any body's business but the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort, where he doesn't chance to be?

If @ person's on the sidewalk whether great or whether small,
Is it any body's business where that person means to call?
Or, if you see @ person, as he's calling any where,
Is it any body's business what his business may be there?

The substance of our query, simply stated, would be this:
Is it any body's business what another's business is?
If it is, or if it isn't, we would really like to know,
For we're certain, if it is n't, there are some who make it so.

If 'tis, we'll join the rabble, and act the noble part
Of tattlers and defamers who throng the public mart;
But if not, we'll act the teacher, untill everybody learns
It were better in the future to mind your own concerns.

Take Me Home To Die.

This land is very bright, mother; the flowers are very fair;
There's magic in the orange grove, and fragrance in the air:
But take me to my dear old home, where the brook goes babbling by:
Let us go back, again! O, take me home to die.

Let my father's hand but rest, mother, in blessing on my head!
Let my brothers and my sisters dear but throng around my bed!
O, let me feel that loved ones near receive my parting breath,
When I bid you all good night, mother, and close the sleep of death!

These flowers their sweetest sweets afford; I scent their fragrant breath:
But ere they bloom again, mother, I shall be cold in death.
Then take me to my early home! no roses are so dear
As those that bloom upon the bush to your old room so near.

I'll be blooming soon, mother; then come, O, let me go!
Give me once more its roses, before you lay me low:
You'll lay them on my grave, mother, — say, mother, will you not?
You'll lay me by the sunny bank, — I've told you oft the spot.

'Tis close beside the church, mother; and when you kneel to pray,
I'll listen to your words, mother, though I am far away,
You must not weep for me, mother, for I shall happily be;
And though I cannot stay with you, yet you shall come to me.

Dear mother, I am weeping: I cannot stop the tears:
They're swelling at the thought of home, and of my early years,
But I am getting faint, mother, O, take me to your breast,
And let me feel your lip, mother, put on my forehead press!

There's dimness on my sight, mother: I cannot get my breath:
Is it your cold I hear, mother? O, tell me, is this death?
You'll tell my father how I yearned once more to see him near;
You'll kiss my brothers each for me, — they will forget I fear.

You'll tell my sisters, brothers dear, I have gone up on high;
And if they are good children here, they'll see me when they die,
I feel I'm going now, mother — one kiss on life is given;
Farewell my own dear mother, until we meet in heaven!

The Dying Californian

Lie up nearer brother, nearer, for my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer when thy arms around me fold.
I am dying, brother; dying, soon you'll miss me in your berth,
For my form will soon be lying 'neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearten to me, brother, hearten! I have something I would say.
Ere the vale my vision darkens, and I go from home away.
I am going, surely, going, but my hope in God is strong;
I am willing, brother, knowing, that he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him, that in death I prayed for him,
Prayed that I may one day meet him, in @ world that's free from sin.
Tell my mother, (God assist her, now that she is growing old!)
Tell her child would glad have kissed her when his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper! 'tis my wife I'd speak of now;
Tell O, tell her how I missed her when the fever burned my brow;
Tell her, brother, — closely listen! don't forget @ single word! —
That in death my eyes did glisten, when the tears her memory stored.

Tell her she must kiss my children, like the kiss I last impressed;
Hold them as when last I held them, folded closely to my breast.
Give them early to their Mother, putting all her trust in God,
And he never will forsake her, for he said so in his word.

O, my children, Heaven bless them! they recall my life to me;
Would I could once more caress them, ere I sink beneath the sea,
I was for them I crossed the ocean; what my hopes were I'll not tell.
But I've gained an orphan's portion; yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sister, I remember every kindly parting word;
And my heart has been kept tender by the thoughts their memory stored;
Tell I never reached the haven where I sought the precious dust;
But I've gained @ port called Heaven, where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance, for they'll find their brother there;
Faith in Jesus, and repentance, will secure for each @ share.
Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking; 'tis his voice I know so well,
When I'm gone, O, don't be weeping! brother, here's my last farewell.

The Old Cabin Home.

I am going far away,
Far away to leave you now,
To the Mississippi river I am going;
I will take my old banjo,
And I'll sing this little song,
Away down in my old cabin home.

Chorus.

Here is my old cabin home,

Here is my sister and my brother;

Here lies my wife, the joy of my life,

And my child in the grave with its mother.

When old age comes on,

And my hair is turning gray,

I will hang up the banjo all alone;

I'll sit down by the fire,

And I'll pass the time away,

Away down in my old cabin home. — Chorus.

'Tis there where I roam,

Away down on de old faind,

Where all de darts is am free;

O, merrily sound the banjo

For de white folks round de room,

Away down in my old cabin home. — Chorus.

'Tis Mid-night Hour.

'Tis midnight hour: the moon shines bright:
 The dew-drops blaze beneath her ray:
 The twinkling stars their tumbling light
 Like beauty's eyes display:
 Then sleep no more, though round thy heart
 Some tender dream may idly play,
 For midnight-song, with magic art
 Shall chase that dream away.

'Tis midnight hour: from flower to flower
 The wayward zephyr floats along,
 Or lingers in the shady bower,
 To hear the night-bird's song.
 Then sleep no more, though round thy heart
 Some tender dream may idly play,
 For midnight-song, with magic art
 Shall chase that dream away.

Star Of The Evening
 Beautiful star in heaven so bright,
 Softly falls thy silvery light,
 As thou movest from earth afar.
 Star of the evening, beautiful star!
 Chorus.— Star of the evening, &c.

In fancy's car thou seem'st to say,
 Follow me, come from earth away;
 Upwards thy spirit's pinions try,
 To realms of love beyond the sky."
 Chorus.— To realms of love &c.

Shine on, O star of love divine,
 And may our soul's affections twine
 Around thee, as thou movest afar.
 Star of the twilight, beautiful star!
 Chorus.— Star of the twilight, &c.

Good-Bye.

Farewell! farewell! is @ lovely sound,
And always brings @ sigh;
But give to me, when loved ones part,
That sweet old word, "Good-bye."

Farewell! farewell! may do for the gay,
When pleasure's shadow is nigh,
But give to me that better word,
That comes from the heart, "Good-bye."

Adieu! adieu! we hear it oft
With @ tear, perhaps with @ sigh
But the heart feels more when the lips move not
And the eye speaks the gentle "Good-bye."

Farewell! farewell! is never heard
When the tear's in the mother's eye;
Adieu! adieu! she speaks it not,
But "My love, good-bye, good-bye."

I Have No Mother Now.

The midnight stars are gleaming
Upon the silent wave,
Where sleepeth without dreaming

The one we could not save:
A cloud of grief is heaping
Its shadow on my brow:
O, blame me not for weeping:
I have no mother now.

Yet, not alone she lieth:
One angel child is there:
No more for him she sigheth,
For death hath joined the pair, —
Together sweetly sleeping,
Beneath the locust bough:
O, blame me not for weeping:
I have no mother now.

166

The Indian's Prayer.

Let me go to my home in the far distant land.
To the scenes of my childhood in innocence bliss:
Where the tall cedars wave and the bright waters flow.
Where my fathers repose, let me go, let me go.
Where my fathers repose, let me go, let me go.

Let me go to the spot where the cataract plays.
Where oft I have sported in boyhood's bright days.
And greet my poor mother, whose heart will overflow,
At the sight of her child, let me go, let me go.
At the sight of her child, let me go, let me go.

Let me go to my sire, by whose battle-scarred side
I have sported so oft, in the morn of my pride,
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe;
To my father, the chief, let me go, let me go:
To my father the chief, let me go, let me go.

And O let me go to my wild forest home,
No more from its life-churing treasures to roam,
Breathe the groves of the glen, let my ashes lie low:
To my home in the woods let me go, let me go.
To my home in the woods, let me go, let me go.

He Doeth All Things Well.

I remember how I loved her, when, ^{1st.} @ little guiltless child,
I saw her in the cradle, as she looked on me and smiled;
My cup of happiness was full: my joy words cannot tell;
And I blessed the glorious Giver, who "doeth all things well."

Months passed - that bud of promise was unfolding every hour;
I thought that earth had never smiled upon @ fairer flower;
So beautiful it well might grace the bowers where angels dwell,
And waft its fragrance to his throne, who "doeth all things well."

Years fled - that little sister then was dear as life to me,
And woke in my unconscious heart @ wild idolatry;
I worshipped at an earthly shrine, lured by some magic spell,
Forgetful of the praise of Him, who "doeth all things well."

She was the lovely star whose light around my pathway shone,
Amid this darksome vale of tears, through which I journey on;
Its radiance had obscured the light, which round his throne doth dwell;
And I wandered far away from Him, who "doeth all things well."

That star went down in beauty, yet it smil'd sweetly now,
In the bright and dazzling Cornet that decks the Saviour's brow;
She liv'd to the Destroyer, whose shafts some may repel;
But we know, for God hath told us, "He doeth all things well."

I remember well my sorrow, as I stood beside her bed,
And my deep and heartfelt anguish, when they told me she was dead;
And "O that cup of bitterness! let not my heart rebel!"
God gave, he took, he will restore, "He doeth all things well."

168

The Silver Moon.

As I strayed from my cot, at the close of the day,
To muse on the beauties of June.

Heath @ jessamine shade. I espied @ fair maid,
And she sadly complained to the moon:—

Chorus.

Roll on, Silver moon, guide the traveler his way,
While the nightingale's song is in tune;
I never, never more with my true-love will stray,
By the sweet silver light of the moon.

2nd.

As the hart on the mountain, my lover was brave,
So handsome and manly to view;
So kind and sincere, and he loved me most dear,
O Edwin, no love was more true.

Chorus.— Roll on, silver moon, &c.

3rd.

But now he is dead, and the youth once so gay
Is cut down like @ rose in full bloom;
And he silently sleeps, and I'm thus left to weep
By the sweet silver light of the moon.

Chorus.— Roll on, silver moon, &c.

4th.

But his grave I'll seek out, until morning appears,
And weep for my lover so brave;
I'll embrace the cold earth, and bedew with my tears
The flowers that bloom o'er his grave.

Chorus.— Roll on, silver moon, &c.

5th.

O, never again can my heart throbb with joy,
Thy loss one I hope to meet soon;
And kind friends will weep, o'er the grave where you lie,
By the sweet silver light of the moon.

Chorus.— Roll on, silver moon, &c.

119
There's A Sigh In The Heart
There's @ sigh in the heart, ^{1st} though the lip may be gay,
When we think of the land, the land far away;
Blushing garlands around hang in wreaths from each spray,
But the flowers that I loved when my spirit was gay,
They are fading, unplucked, in the land far away.
There's @ sigh in the heart, &c.

2nd.

Sadly I gaze on the moon's bright ray,
And in fancy I follow its track far away.
Sadly I list to the nightingale's lay,
It awakes but @ dream of the land far away.
There's @ Sigh in the heart, &c.

3rd.

Around me is breathing the incense of May;
Around me is flashing the glory of day;
But my hopes and my wishes are far, far away.
There's @ Sigh in the heart, though the lip may be gay.
4th.

Faintly I pass on my wearisome way,
No hope of tomorrow to cheer me to-day;
While my eye shall grow dim^{mer} & my tresses grow gray,
Still my last thought shall be of the land far away.
There's @ Sigh in the heart, &c.

Of, In The Stilly Night.

Of, in the stilly night.

Ere slumber's chain has bound me.
 Fond mem'ry bring the lights
 Of other days around me;
 The smiles, the tears of childhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken,
 The eye that shone, now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken!
 Thus, in the stilly night, &c.

End

When I remember all
 The friends, so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted;
 Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed!
 Thus, in the stilly night, &c.

When Other Friends.

When other friends are ^{1st.} round thee,
 And other hearts are thine.—
 When other lays have crowned thee,
 More fresh and green than mine,—
 Then think how sad and lonely
 This wretched heart will be.
 Which, while it beats, beats only,
 Belov'd one, for thee.

2nd.

Yet do not not think I doubt thee;
 I know thy truth remains;
 I would not live without thee
 For all the world contains!
 Thou art the star that guides me
 Along life's troubled sea;
 And whatever fate betides me,
 This heart still turns to thee.

1.
Verses
Drifting Apart.

Out on the ocean of life we are drifting,
Far on the tide without compass or charts
While darkness is falling and storm-clouds are lifting,
Remember the warning—we are drifting apart.

Oh! why must it be so? and can we thus sever
The ties that have bound us in happier years?
Then think of the parting—it may be forever:
You'll think of it some day, it may be in tears.

The darkness is closing round life's happy morning,
For the joy and the sunshine are gone from my heart.
Look well to the future, remember the warning:
For sadly, though surely, we are drifting apart.

Good News From Home.

1st.

Good news from home, good news for me,
Has come across the deep blue sea,
From friends that I have left in tears,
From friends that I've not seen for years;
And since we parted long ago.

My life has been a scene of woe;
But now a joyful hour has come,
For I have heard good news from home.

Chorus.— Good news from home, &c.

2nd.

No father's near to guide me now;
No mother's tear to soothe my brow;
No sister's voice falls on mine ears,
Nor brother's smile to give me cheer;
But, though I wander far away,
My heart is full of joy to-day,
For friends across the ocean's foam.

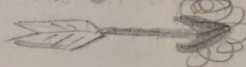
Have sent to me good news from home.

Chorus.— Good news from home, &c.

3rd.

When shall I see that cottage door,
Where I've spent years of joy before?
I was then I knew no grief or care;
My heart was always happy there.
Though I may never see it more,
Nor stand upon my native shore,
Where in on earth I've doomed to roam,
My heart will be with those at home.

Chorus.— Good news from home, &c.



“
Father, Come Home.”

“Father, dear father, come ^{1st} home with me now.
The clock in the steeple strikes one! (gong, gong, gong.)

You promised, dear father, that you would come home.

As soon as your day's work was done.

Our fire has gone out — our house is all dark.

And mother's been watching since tea,

With poor little Benny so sick in her arms,

And no one to help her but me.

Come home, come home, come home

Please, father, dear father come home.”

2nd

“Father, dear father, come home with me now.

The clock in the steeple strikes two! (gong, gong, gong.)

The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse,

But he has been calling for you.

Indeed he is worse, mother says he will die.

Perhaps before morning shall dawn,

And this was the message she sent me to bring —

Come quickly, or he will be gone.

Come home, &c.”

3rd.

“Father, dear father, come home with me now.

The clock in the steeple strikes three! (gong, gong, gong.)

The house is so lonely, the hours are so long.

For poor weeping mother and me.

Yes we are alone — poor Benny is dead,

And gone with the angels of light!

And these were the very last words that he said —

“I want to kiss Papa — good night!”

Come home, &c.”

Hear the sweet voice of a child

Which the night winds repeat as they roam

Oh who could resist this most plaintive of cries

“Please father, dear father, come home.”

The Cottage By The Sea.

Childhood's days now pass ^{1st} before me,
 Forms and scenes of long ago,
 Like a dream they hover o'er me,
 Calm and bright as evening's glow.
 Days that knew no shade of sorrow,
 When my young heart, pure and free,
 Joyful hailed each coming morn.
 In the cottage by the sea.

2nd.

Fancy sees the rose-tree twining
 Round the old and rustic door,
 And, below, the white beach shining
 Where I gathered shells of yore:
 Hears my mother's gentle warning,
 As she took me on her knee;
 And I feel again life's morning,
 In the cottage by the sea.

3rd.

What strange years have rolled above me,
 Though mid fairer scenes I roams,
 Yet I ne'er shall cease to love thee,
 Childhood's dear and happy home!
 And when life's long day is closing,
 O, how pleasant would it be,
 On some faithful breast reposing,
 In the cottage by the sea!

Old Folks At Home.

Way down upon the Swanu River,
Far, far away, —

Dari's wha my heart is turning eber. —

Dari's wha de old folks stay,

All up and down the old creation

Sadly I roam:

Still longing for de old plantation,

And for de old folks at home.

Chorus.

All thy world am sad and dreary

Obey, where I roam:

O, darkest how my heart grows weary

Far from de old folks at home!

2nd.

All round de little farm I wandered

When I was young:

Den many happy days I squandered,

Many de songs I sung.

When I was playing wid my budder,

Happier was I,

O, take me to my kind old mudder!

Dare leb one live and die,!

Cho. — All the world, &c.

3rd.

One little lub among the bushes, —

One dat I love

Still sadly to my num'ry rustles,

No matter where I rove.

When will I see de bus @ humming

All round the comb?

When will I hear de banjo tumming

Down in my good old home?

Cho. — All the world, &c.

The Irish Emigrant's Lament.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,

Where we sat side by side,

On a bright May morning long ago,

When first you were my Bride.

The corn was springing fresh and green

And the lark sang loud and high,

And the red was on thy lip, Mary,

And the love-lights in thine eye.

2nd.

The place is little changed, Mary,

The day is bright as then;

The lark's loud song is in my ear,

And the corn is green again!

But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,

And your warm breath on my cheek,

And I still keep listening for the words

You never more may speak.

3rd.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,

And the little church stands near

The church where we were wed, Mary;

I see the spire from here;

But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,

And my step might break your rest;

For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,

With your baby on your breast

4th.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,

For the poor make no new friends:

But O, they love them better far,

The few our Father sends!

And you were all I had, Mary,

My blessing and my pride;

There's nothing left to care for now,

Since my poor Mary died.

(See next page)

The Emigrant's Lament—Concluded

Yours was the brave, good ^{5th.} heart, Mary.

That still kept hoping on.

When the trust in God had left my soul,

And my arms' young strength had gone

There was comfort ever on your lip,

And the kind look on your brow;

I bless you for that same, Mary,

Though you can't hear me now.

6th.

I thank you for that smile, Mary.

When your heart was fit to break;

When the hunger pangs were gnawing there.

And you hid it, for my sake;

I bless you for the pleasant word,

When your heart was sad and sore;

O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,

Where grief can't reach you more.

7th.

I'm bidding you a long fare well.

My Mary, kind and true,

But I'll not forget you, darling.

In the land I'm going to.

They say there's bread and work for all,

And the sun shines always there;

But I'll not forget old Ireland,

Were it fifty times as fair.

8th.

And often in those grand old woods,

I'll sit and shut my eyes,

And my heart will travel back again

To the place where Mary lies;

And I'll think I see the little stile,

Where we sat side by side,

And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,

When first you were my bride.

128.
Don't Be Angry, Mother.
Don't be angry, mother, mother;
Let thy smiles be smiles of joy;
Don't be angry, mother, mother,
Don't be angry with your boy.
Years have flown since we have traversed
The dark and stormy sea;
Whilst your boy, quite broken-hearted,
Ne'er has ceased to think of thee.

2nd.

Don't be angry, mother, mother;
Let the world say what it will;
Though I don't deserve thy favor,
Yet I fondly love thee still;
We have lived and loved together—
Then our hearts ne'er knew a pain;
But forgive me, mother, mother;
O, forgive thy boy again.

3rd.

Pray remember mother, mother,
I've been kneeling at thy feet,
And I'm dreaming of thee nightly,
While reclining in my sleep.
But forgive me, mother, mother;
It will ease thy breast of pain;
But forgive me, mother, mother;
O, forgive thy boy again.

Some One To Love

Some one to love in this ^{wide} world of sorrow;

Some one whose smile will efface the sad tear;

Some one to welcome the light of tomorrow;

Some one to share it when sunshine is here.

O, the world is a desert amid all its pleasures,

And life seems bereft of the only true wealth,

If we fail in possessing, with all its proud treasures,

The best of all blessings, some dear kindred breath.

Some one to love in this wide world of sorrow;

Some one whose smile will efface the sad tear;

Some one to welcome the light of tomorrow;

Some one to share it when sunshine is here.

2nd.

Some one to love whose affection will cherish

The sweet bud of hope when 'tis blighted with care.

Some faithful heart that will never let it perish,

By sinking forever in depths of despair.

'Tis an angelic radiance, a beacon to guide us

Resembling those lamps that are shining above;

'Tis a guardian from heaven, a light to decide us,

Teaching us wisdom in lessons of love.

Some one to love, &c.

81
Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean
Or The Red, White, and Blue
1st.

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
I would offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

2nd.

When war-winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark, then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm!
With her garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

3rd.

The wine cup, the wine-cup bring hither,
And fill you it true to the brim;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the Star of their glory grow dim;
May the service united ne'er sever,
But stay to their colors prove true;
The Army and Navy forever—
True cheers for the red, white, and blue.

I've Something Sweet To Tell

I have something sweet to tell you,
 But the secret you must keep;
 And remember, if it is n't right,
 I'm talking in my sleep.
 For I know I am but dreaming,
 When I think your love is mine;
 And I know they are but coming—
 All the hopes that round me shine.
 I have something sweet to tell you,
 But the secrets you must keep;
 And remember, if it is n't right,
 I'm talking in my sleep.

2nd.

So remember, when I tell you
 What I cannot longer keep,
 We are none of us responsible
 For what we say in sleep.
 My pretty secrets coming!
 O listen with your hearts,
 And you shall hear it humming
 So close, 'twill make you start.
 I have something sweet &c.

3rd.

O shut your eyes so earnest
 On mine will wildly weep:
 I love you! I adore you! but
 I'm talking in my sleep!
 For I know I am but dreaming
 When I think your love is mine,
 And I know they are but coming—
 All the hopes that round me shine.
 I have something sweet &c.

Let Me Kiss Him For His Mother,
In a lone and dreary chamber.

Where the sunlight seldom shines,
And the cobwebs thickly gather,
For a curtain o'er the blinds,—
Where no hand of hundred fingers,
To sustain the aching head,
Nor flowers, plucked by gentle fingers,
Fragrance round the dying shed,—
See that form once full of vigor,
Glad in beauty's rich attire
Now in sickness weakly writhing—
Soon in sorrow to expire.

See that ghastly hand uplifted
Toward the home for which he sighs!
Hear him call to "God" and "Mother".—
Hear him ere he faints and dies!

2nd

To die alone we think is fearful!
Let me die with Jesus near!
May a mother's hand uphold me!
May her voice salute my ear!
May her whispers soothe my spirit,
As she talks of home on high!
On her breast my head be pillowed,
As in Jesus' arms I die!"

Such were wishes faintly whispered
By the lips of him we sing,
Till his spirit, freed from sorrow,
Spread for home its trembling wing.
Morning's golden gates are open;

Strangers bear the form away,—
Haste to hide the young, the noble,
Neath the cold and silent clay.

3rd.

The aged female form is bending
O'er the open, greedy tomb,
Listening for the coming footsteps,
Startling morning's early gloom: (See next page)

Let Me Kiss Him, &c. — Concluded

Soon she bends above the coffin,
 While the tears unceasing flow;
 "Let me kiss him for his mother,
 Says in accents sweet and low.
 Heaven bless thee, angel woman!
 Thou dost of life's shadows know:
 Heaven bless thee, angel mother!
 Save thee from life's further woe!
 May thy sons ne'er be forsaken!
 May thy sunshine e'er increase!
 And in dying may it cheer thee!
 May thy latest hours be peace!

Bonny Eloise.

O, sweet is the vale ^{1st} where the Mohawk gently glides
 On its clear winding way to the sea,
 And dearer than all storied streams on earth besides
 Is this bright rolling river to me:
 But sweeter, dearer, yet dearer far than those,
 Who charms where others all fail,
 O blue-eyed, bonny, bonny Eloise,
 The Belle of the Mohawk vale.

Chorus. — But sweeter, &c.

2nd.

O, sweet are the scenes of my boyhood's sunny years,
 That bespangle the gay valley o'er
 And dear are the friends I see, thro' memories fond tears,
 That have lived in the blith days of yore.
 But sweeter, dearer, &c.

Chorus. — But sweeter, &c.

3rd.

O, sweet are the moments when dreaming, I roam
 Through my loved haunts, now mossy and gray,
 And dearer than all is my childhood's hallowed home,
 That is crumbling now slowly away;
 But sweeter, dearer, &c.

Chorus. — But sweeter, &c.

Jeannie With Light Brown Hair

I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair,
Borne like a vapor on the summer air:

I see her tripping where the bright streams play,
Happy as the daisies that dance o'er her way.
Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour;
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er:
O, I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair,
Floating like a vapor on the soft summer air.

2nd

I long for Jeannie with the gay dawn smile,
Radiant in gladness, warm with winning guile; ✓
I hear her melodies, like joys gone by,
Sighing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die:—
Sighing like the night wind, and sobbing like the rain—
Waiting for the lost one that comes not again: +
O, I long for Jeannie, and my heart bows low,
Never more to find her where the bright waters flow.

3rd

I sigh for Jeannie, but her light form strayed
Far from the fond hearts round her native glade;
Her smiles have vanished, and her sweet songs flown,
Flitting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone.
Now the nodding wild flowers may wither on the shore,
While her gentle fingers will cull them no more;
O, I sigh for Jeannie with the light brown hair,
Floating like a vapor on the soft summer air.

Pirate's Chorus

Ever be happy and light as thou art,
Pride of the Pirate's hearts!

Long be thy reign,

O'er land and main:

By the glave, by the chark,

Queen of the pirate's hearts,

Ever be happy and light as thou art,

Pride of the pirate's hearts.

Annie Laurie.

Maywellton braes are bonnie.

Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true;
Gie'd me her promise true;
Which we'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

2nd.

Her brow is like the snow-drift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on;
And dark blue was her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, &c.

3rd.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet;
And she's @ the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, &c.

Mary Of The Wild Moor

One night when the wind it blew cold—
 Blew bitter across the wild moor.

Young Mary, she came with her child;

Wandering home to her own father's door—

Crying, "Father, O pray let me in!

Take pity on me, I implore!

Or the child in my arms it will die

From the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor?

2nd.

"O, why did I leave this fair cot,

Where once I was happy and free?

Doomed to roam without friends or a home.

O father take pity on me!"

But her father was deaf to her cries,—

Not a voice or a sound reached the door;

But the watch-dogs did bark, and the winds

Blew bitter across the wild moor.

3rd

O, how must her father have felt,

When he came to the door in the morn!—

Then he found Mary dead, and the child

Fondly clasped in its dead mother's arms;—

While in frenzy he tore his gray hairs,

As on Mary he gazed at the door!

For that night she had perished and died,

From the winds that blew 'cross the wild moor.

4th

The father in grief pined away;

The child to the grave was soon borne;

And no one lives there to this day.

For the cottage to ruin has gone.

The villagers point out the spots

Where a willow droops over the door,

Saying, "There Mary perished, and died

From the winds that blew 'cross the wild moor!"

The Hunter's Glee (An Opening Chorus)

(Repeat)
Some love to ride the ocean tide
And some the deep blue sea.
But give to me a gallant steed
And a hunter's life for me.

Solo.

For there's many a cheer in a hunter's life
To drive dull care away
For the hunter's ear delights to hear
Thus merrily on the winds.

Glee

(Repeat)
Merrily on the winds, merrily on the winds
Merrily, merrily, chirily, chirily, merrily on the winds
Hurrah, hurrah, tra la la la la la
Make music gladden every heart
Hurrah, hurrah tra la la la la la
Farewell! to night we part!
Hurrah hurrah the day has come
That Dinah's to be married
And glad are we and that's a fact
For very long we've tarried
Bring out the wine the hot-cake too
The gumbo and the cream
And do not forget the wedding cake
On which we dainties dream.

On which we dream, on which we dream, on which we

29
You are Thinking of Me, Darling.
You are thinking of me, ^{1st}darling,
In the pleasant twilight glow,
Thinking of the lonely wanderer.
Ased as darkness fills the room.
You bow your head upon the window,
And the tears you can't repress,
Slowly, sadly falling, give relief
To your heart's deep bitterness

2nd.

You are thinking of me, darling,
Praying for me in your heart.
Asking that the great Redeemer
May not keep us long apart:
And that ere another winter
Bands the summer with its chain,
We may meet each other, darling,
Not to separate again.

3rd

I am not worthy of you, darling,
Of the love so deep and true,
That you kindly give me, darling,
Love that ever shall endure:
And I sit and dream, my darling,
How that in the future hours
I shall try to strew your pathway
With the brightest, truest flowers.

4th

I shall have no thoughts, my darling,
But to fill your life with joy.
Smooth the thorns from out your pathway,
Clear the gold from all alloy:
For my life will never know a duty
In this world so grand and dear.
As to watch and guard you, darling,
And preserve you from all fear.

See next page

5th.
You have been my blessing, darling,
Been my angel good and true,
Been the lights to guide my foot's steps,
And my thoughts are all of you:
And when temptations gather'd round me,
Pressing me to join their throng,
Then your form would rise before me —
I was saved from doing wrong.

6th.
Many forms have passed before me,
Forms of beauty, life and grace,
Forms that I might once have fancied,
If I ne'er had seen your face:
But their smiles were lost upon me,
And their beauty vanished quite,
As the thoughts of you came o'er me,
As the day absorbs the night.

7th.
Yet, my darling, I shall conquer
In each battle fought with sin,
For your love will guard me safely,
Serve my soul to fight and win:
And I know you'll love and trust me,
And if we meet on earth no more,
The love and trust you give me, darling,
Will join us on the other shore.

"Tis pleasant and sweet when the world is dark
And the spirit is sad and lone,
To think of the loved one far away
And the moments of bliss that are gone"

"May every hope of thine be bright,
And, when thy trusting heart shall plight
Its vows of love and constancy:
May he who wins it bear that form
That gives to life its dearest charm"

Dear Mother I've Come Home to Die.
 Dear Mother. I remember well.
 The parting tear you gave to me,
 When merry rang the village bell.
 My heart was full of joy and glee,
 I did not dream that in short years,
 Would crush the hopes that soared so high.
 Oh mother dear draw near to me,
 Dear Mother I've come home to die.

Chorus. Call Sister. Brothers to my side.
 And take a Soldier's last good bye.
 Oh! mother dear draw near to me.
 Dear Mother I've come home to die.
 2nd.

Hark, mother 'tis the village bell!
 I can no longer with the stay.
 My Country calls to arms. to arms!
 The foe advance in fierce array.
 The vision's past I feel that now,
 For Country I can only sigh.
 Oh mother dear draw near to me.
 Dear mother I've come home to die.

3rd
 Dear Mother Sister. Brothers all.
 One parting kiss to each. Good bye.
 Weep not but clasp your hand in mine,
 And let me like a Soldier die.
 I've met the foe upon the field.
 Where hindered fiercely did defy.
 I fought for rights God bless the flag.
 Dear Mother I've come home to die.

I'm Off To The Wars.

Kind friends, I bid you adieu.
For I am off to the wars.

Our country calls on her Sons,
To fight in this glorious cause.

Chorus. Then I will shoulder my gun,
And leave those dear to me,
For I am off to the wars,
To fight for the flag of the free.

2nd.

Oh! I can never look on,
And see the dread traitor's hand
Crush out the rights of the free,
In this, our dear native land.

3rd.

I pray that I may return,
To home and those that I love.
If not, I'll meet you again,
In the bright heavenly world above.

Then You'll Remember Me
When other lips and other ^{lips} hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess in parts
The power they feel so well,
There may, perhaps, in such @ scene,
Some recollection be,
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me,
And you'll remember, you'll remember me.

2nd.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but @ faded light
Which beams within your eyes, -
When hollow hearts shall wear @ mask
I will break your own to see, -
In such @ moment I but ask,
That you'll remember me, &c.

Away Down East

There is a land of notions of Apple Sauce ^{and} green
A paradise of pumpkin pies, a land of pork ^{and} beans
But where it is who knoweth neither mortal man nor beast
But there's one thing we are sure of 'tis Away down East
2nd.

Once a man from Indiana with his bundle in his hand
Came to New York City to see this famous land
But where it is who knoweth neither mortal man nor beast
But there's one thing we are sure of 'tis Away down East.
3rd

From New York he goes to Boston, with all his main ^{and} might
Puts up at the Tremont House quite sure that he is right
But they told him in the morning a curious fact at least
That he had it yet, began to get, Away down East,
4th.

From thence he goes to Portland, with his bundle in his hand
Sees ^{Mr} McKinjoy, great joy is that to him for this must be the land
Poh! nonsense man you're crazy, I doubt not in the least
You'll go a long shalk further, ere you reach down East.
5th.

From thence through mud to Bangor, by which he soils his drabs.
And the first thing meets his vision, is a pyramid of slabs.
"Why this says he is Egypt, a pyramid at least.
And he thought that with a vengeance he had reached down East
6th

Just then he spies a native who is "up to snuff" I ween
As poring o'er the precipice, says do it's you see something green
And then he plunged to rise no more, unless he's fed on yeast
And this I think will be his drink, Away down East.
7th

And now his anxious mother whose tears will always run
Is ever on the lookouts to see her rising son
But she will strain her eyes in vain, I calculate at least
For her son is set in regions wet, Away down East.

When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the grass the moonlight fell.
Hushed the sound of daylights bustle,
Closed the pink-eyed Pimpernel,
As adown the moss-grown wood paths,
When the cattle loved to roam,
From Aunt Dinah's guilty party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

Chorus. In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the grass the moonlight shone;
From Aunt Dinah's guiltless party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

2nd.

When the Autumn tinged the green wood,
Turning all its leaves to gold.
I was down by the elder standing,
I my love to Nellie told.
As we stood together gazing
On the star bespangled dome,
How I blessed that Autumn evening,
When I saw Sweet Nellie home.

Chs. In the sky &c. &c.

3rd.

White hairs mingle with my tresses
Furrows steal upon my brow.
But the smile still thurs and kisses
Lifes declining moments o'er.
Matron of the snow white kerchief
Closer to my bosom come.
Say dost thou still remember
When I saw Sweet Nellie home.
In the sky. &c. &c.

Flying Trapeze

1st.

Once I was happy but now I'm forlorn.
 Like an old coat that is tattered and torn
 Left in this wide world to fret and to mourn
 Betrayed by @ maid in her teens.
 Oh the girl that I love she is handsome
 I tried all I know her to please

But I never could please her one quarter so well
 As that man on the flying trapeze.

Cho.— He'd fly through the air with the greatest of ease.
 This darling young man of the flying trapeze
 He mounted were easy all girls he could please.
 And my love he perloined away.

2nd.

The name of this young man was Signor Von Slang
 Tall, big and handsome as well made as Chang
 Where'er he appeared the house loudly rang
 With cheers from all people there
 He would wink from the bar on the people below
 And one night he winked on my love
 She winked back at him and shouted bravo.
 As he hung by his nose from the bar

Cho.— He'd fly etc.

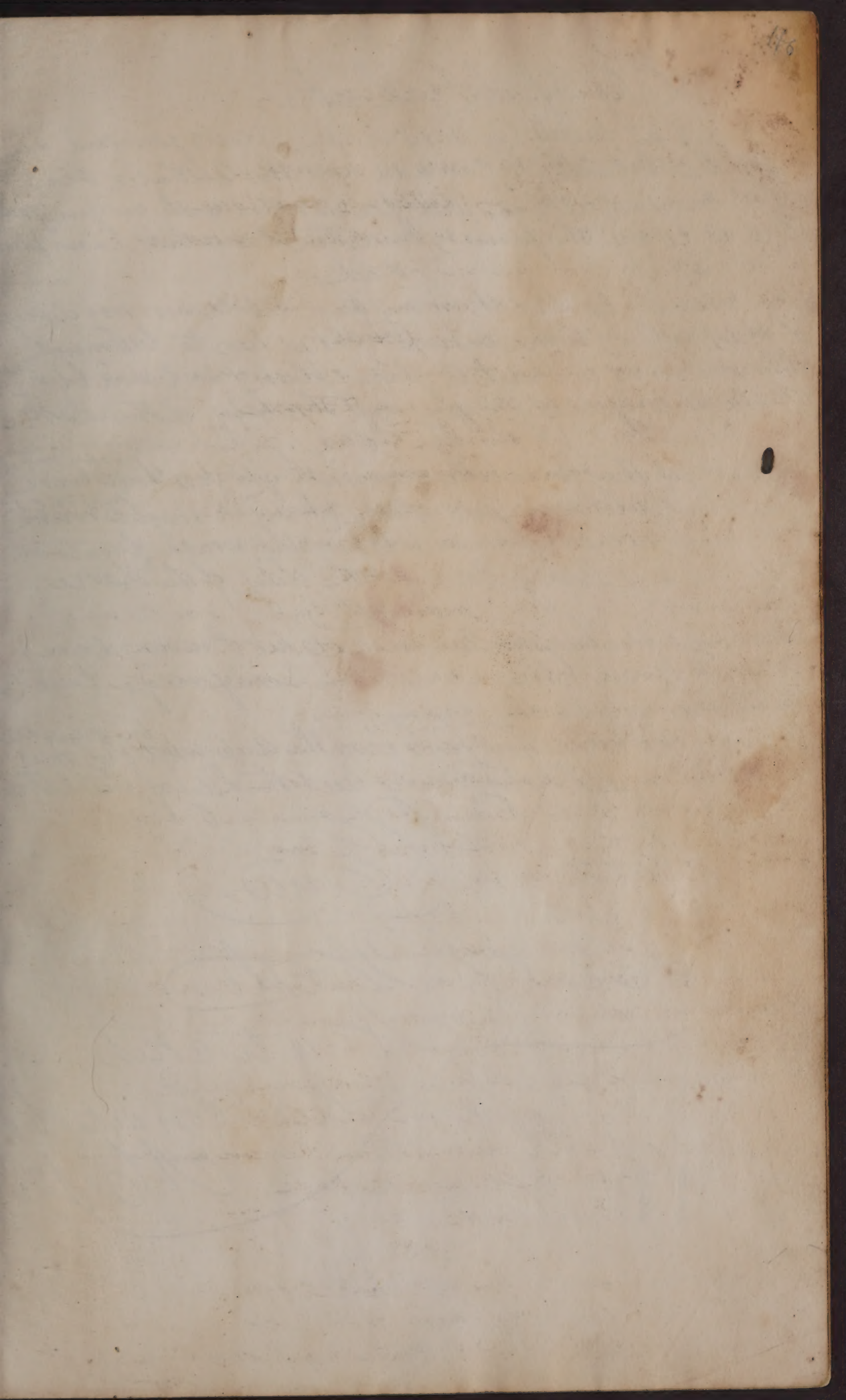
3rd.

Her father and mother were both on my side
 They tried very hard to make her my bride
 It was no use to talk for she had said
 She'd fell in love with him.
 'Tis no use to talk she'd be there every night
 And throw him bouquets on the stage
 Which caused him to wink her how he ran one down
 To tell you 't would take half @ page

He'd fly &c. &c.

4th.

I went one night to her one happy home
 Found there her father and mother alone
 They told me @ tale that made my heart stone
 Over



Lily of the Lake.

There is as pretty a landscape as ever you did see
It lies between O Canada and the Atlantic sea's
It's covered all over with flowers & clad with virgin grass
O it is to me the fairest land that lies on Lake Champlain

2nd.

One evening as she sat on my knee I told her my design
I clasped her to my bosom & asked her to be mine
She answered me with a glowing blush & said she'd be my
O she is my lovely Mary and the Lily of the Lake

3rd.

Her eyes they were like diamonds bright her cheeks were
Her hair was dark and glossy & hung in ringlets round
O the most precious of her hair & her eyes would I might
O she is my lovely Mary & the Lily of the Lake.

4th.

Perhaps she has forgotten me but her I never can,
May I be in America or in some foreign land
O she is my lovely Mary,
O may I be rolling far over the deep what e'er may
O she is my lovely Mary and the Lily of the Lake

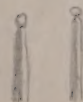
Fate.

End.

Geo. B. Worth.

Nantucket

Siasconset Co
Mass.



How I came to do it.

It may be funny, but I've done it. I've got @ rib and @ baby.

Shadows departed — oyster steers, Handy cocktails, cigar tops, foot jacks, absconding shirts buttons, whists and demijohns.

Shadows present — hoop skirts, bandboxes, ribbons, garters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, little willow chairs, cradles, bibles, paps, sugar tiats, paregoric, hive syrup, castor oil, Godfrey's cordial, soothing syrup, rhubarb, senna, salts, squills and doctor bills. — Shadows future — more proud babies, more hive syrup, &c. &c. I'll just tell you how I got caught. I was almost the darndest, most tea custard bashful fellow you ever did see.

It was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw @ pretty gal approaching me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one. 'twas n't because I did n't like the critters, for if I was behind @ fence looking through @ knot-hole I could n't look at one long enough. Well, my sisters Lib. gave @ party one night, and I stayed away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house, whistling "Old Dan Tucker" dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtains, and wishing the thundering party would break up so I could get to my room. I smoked up @ bunch of cigars and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, I concluded to shut up the door posts. No sooner said than done, and I soon found myself snug in bed.

"Now," says I, "let her rip! Dance till your wind gives out!" and cuddling under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me.

I was dreaming of soft shelled crabs and stewed tripe and was having @ good time when somebody knocked at the door and woke me up. "Rap" again. I laid low. "Rap, rap, rap!" Then I heard @ whispering and I knew there was @ whole raft of gals outside. "Rap, rap!" Then Lib rings out:

"Jack, are you in there?"

"Yes," says I.

Then came @ roar of laughter.

"Let us in," says she.

"I won't," says I. "Can't you let @ fellow alone?"

"Are you aled?" says she.

"I am," says I.

"Get up," says she.

"I won't," says I.

Then came another laugh.

By thunders! I began to get riled.

"Get out, you petticoated scarecrows!" I cried: "can't you get @ leave without hauling @ fellow out of bed? I won't go home with you — I won't — so you may clear out."

And throwing @ look at the door I felt better. But, presently, oh! mortal buttocks! I heard @ still, small voice, very much like sister Lib's and it said:

"Jack, you'll have to get up for all the girl's things are there!"

Oh, Lord, what @ pickle! Think of me in bed, all covered with shawls, mufflers, bonnets, and cloaks, and twenty girls outside the door waiting to get in! If I had stopped to think I should have pancaked on the spot. As it was I rolled over among the bonnet ware and ribbons in @ hurry. Smash! with the shawliver, in every direction. I had to dress in the dark — for there was @ crack in the door, and the girls will peep — and the way I fumbled about was death on straw hats. The critical moment came. I opened the door and found myself right among the women.

"Oh my Leghorn!" cries one. "My dear, darling winters velvet!" cries another, and they pitched in — they pulled me this way and that, boxed my ears; and one bright-eyed little piece — Sal — her name was — put her arms around my neck, and kissed me right on my lips. Human nature could n't stand that, and I gave her as good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got @ taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed Julius Caesar to the fourth of July.

"Jack," said she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?"

"Yes," said I, "I will."

I did do it, and had another smack at the gate too. After that we took @ kinder turn the dozing, after each other both of us sighing like @ barrel of sour ciders, when we were away from each other. I was at the close of @ glorious

Summer day — the sun was setting behind @ distant hen-roosts,
the bull frogs were commencing their evening songs, the polly-wogs
in their native mud puddles, were preparing themselves for the
shades of night — and Sal and myself sat upon an antiquated
back-log, listening to the music of nature, such as tree toads,
roosters, and grunting pigs, and now and then the mellow
music of distant jackasses was wafted to our ears by the
gentle zephyrs that sighed among the miller stalks, and
came heavy laden with the delicious odor of hen-roosts and
pig-styes. The last lingering rays of the setting sun glancing
from the buttons of @ solitary horseman, shone through @ knot
hole in @ hog pen full in Sal's face, dying her hair an
orange-ful hue, and showing off my threadbare coats to
bad advantage — one of my arms was around Sal's waist,
my hand around the shall of her back — she was toying
with my autumn locks — and — and she was almost
gone, and I was ditto. She looked at me like @ grass-
hopper dying with the hiccups, and I felt like @ mud-
larth choball with @ cod-fish ball.

A Home Beyond The Sea

I have told you how fair the roses are
 In my home beyond the sea
 Where the dark-eyed maid with her light guitar
 Sits under the orange tree.
 Then fly oh! fly from this land of storm
 Where all that is fair must pine
 To a sky more blue and a sun more warm
 Then henceforth let my home be thine.

End

I have heard thee tell of a sky more blue
 And a sun more warm than this,
 And I've sometimes thought if thy tale be true
 To dwell in that land were bliss.
 But when I gaze on my tranquil cot
 Where Clematis' lovers entwine,
 The land of the stranger tempts me not
 Nay ne'er can thy home be mine.

The Vacant Chair

We shall miss but we shall miss him.^{1st}

There will be our vacant chair.

We shall linger to caress him.

While we breathe our evening prayers.

When @ year ago we gathered.

Joy was in his mild blue eye.

But the golden chord is severed.

And our hopes in ruin lie.

Chorus for each verse repeats first four lines of first verse.

2nd.

At the fireside sad and lonely.

Often will our bosom swell.

At remembrance of the story.

How our noble Willie fell.

How he strove to bear the banner.

Through the thickets of the fight.

And uphold our country's honor.

By the strength of manhood's might.

3rd.

True they tell us wreaths of glory.

Evermore will deck his brow.

But it soothes the anguish only.

Creeping o'er our heartstrings now.

Sleep today. Oh! early fallen.

For thy green and narrow bed.

Dirges from the pine and cypress.

Mingle with the tears we shed.

Tell My Mother, I Die Happy.

I am dying, comrades. dying,
As you bid me lightly tread.
Soon, ah soon I shall be lying,
With the silent, sleeping dead.
I am dying, comrades. dying.
Still the battle rages near.
Tell me are our foes a flying?
I die happy mother dear!

Chorus. - Tell my mother I die happy!
That for me she must not weep:
Tell her how I longed to kiss her
Ere I sank in death to sleep!

2nd

I am going, comrades, going,
See how clasp my forehead now.
Oh! I see the angels coming
With bright garlands for my brow.
Bear this message to my mother,
That in death how God was near
He to bless and help support me,
I die happy, mother dear.

Tell my Mother &c &c.

3rd.

Lay me comrades, under the willow
That grows on the distant shore.
Wrap the starry flag around me,
I would press its folds once more.
Let the cold earth be my pillow,
And the Stars and Stripes my shroud.
Soon, ah soon I shall be stretching
Amid the heavenly crowd.

Tell my Mother &c. &c.

My Neighbors Wife

1st.

We are taught to love — from childhood's years
 I was stamped upon my mind;
 My earliest article of faith
 Was love for human kind.
 To love my neighbors as my self
 Is Christian-like, they say;
 And if I love my neighbor's wife,
 How can I help it, pray?

2nd.

The Golden Rule I strive to heed,
 Whenever I may be,
 And do to others as I would
 That they should do to me;
 And so one day I thought 'twere well
 If I this precept tried,
 And, filled with generous thoughts, I took
 My neighbor's wife to ride.

3rd.

But ah! this kind and simple act
 Gave rise to slanders high,
 A host of furious tongues assailed
 My neighbor's wife and I.
 We're taught to share with liberal hearts
 The blessings that we prize —
 To smile with others when they smile
 And dry the mourner's eyes.

4th.

And when one day I chanced to find
 My neighbor's wife in tears,
 I uttered words of sympathy
 Within her listening ears;
 I drew her trembling form to mine,
 And kissed her tears away;
 The act was done; and lo! there was
 The very deuce to pay.

(See next page)

5th.

Alas! alas! 'tis passing strange—
I'm sure I can't see through it;
I'm told to love with all my heart
Then blamed because I do it
The precepts that I learned in youth
Will cling to me through life;
I try to love my neighbor, and
I'm sure I love his wife
(That's where you're right)

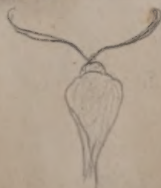
The Lone Starry Hours.

1st

The lone starry hours give to me. love
When still is the beautiful night
When the round laughing moon I see. love.
Peeps through the clouds & silver white.
When no winds through the low woods sweep. love.
And I gaze on some bright rising star
When the world is in dream and sleep love
Then awake while I touch my guitar
[Repeat last four lines of each verse]

2nd

Till the red rosy morn grows bright. love.
Far away & in the distant sea
Till the stars cease their gentle light. love.
Will I wait for a welcome from thee.
And oh! if that pleasure be thine. love.
It will wander together afar.
My heart shall be thine thine, mine love
Then awake while I touch my guitar.



Marching through Georgia

Bring out the good old battle cry let's have @ little song
Sing it with @ spirit that shall start the world around
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong
While we were marching through Georgia

Chorus

Hurrah hurrah we'll sound the jubilee
Hurrah hurrah the flag that made you free
So you sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea
While we were marching through Georgia

2nd

Sumner's dashing Yankee troops will never leave the coast
At the Daisy Gables tonight it was @ handsome host
Oh had they not forgotten for to reckon with the host
While we were marching through Georgia
Cho. - Hurrah hurrah &c. &c.

3rd

Yes and there were many men who wept with joyful tears
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years
Oh hardly could they hold they're restrained from breaking for the
While we were marching through Georgia

4th

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound
How the turkeys gobbled which the Comissary found
Even the sweet potatoes even started from the ground
While we were marching through Georgia
5th

Here is to the completion of mutton Jackson
The dear old sent. went up the fore gallant halibut
down the weather leech of the fore topsail to overhaul
the port bowlin' our young Cook being @ brist' young
feller one arm, one eye, one leg one something & ladies
you ^{can} guess which. went out on the flying jib boom.
with @ Captain Bar lashed across his muzzle, un-
der took to fend off Dover Castle, Dover Castle being
nine hundred and ninety miles long the old
rascal fell into @ pot of pea soup. Here to the
girl that has got @ claw for we've got none.
We'll take @ shupshank in our fore @ sun-
ning bowlin' in our main. Stow away the
Quartermaster and the half hour glass. Chain
Cable in the Whinny clew, Heave the main deck
overboard, leave the Quarter Deck for the sailors
to drink their grog off of.

And
Here's to the ship that goes,
Here's to the wind that blows,
Here's to the lad that fears no dangers.
Ship in full sail @ @ pleasant gale
And the lass that loves the sailor

87a
I suppose my Father is the smartest man
in Nantucket I am @ smarter man than
he is. My Father whupped seven grave yards
full of ^{eggs}iggers, seven streaks of Cham light-
ening, seven apothecary shops to work and
open before breakfast by the sailor grip @
living man, I can die deeper & smugger
@ the up drink, but myself more ~~in~~ in
in fashion than any other man. If any man
disputes my word give me @ glass of grog.

He that steals my purse steals trash
 He that robs me of my good name
 Takes that which even death can't touch
 And makes me poor indeed
 Macbeth.

Fate.

Home! home! home!
 Over the wide sea
 Father, sister and brother
 Are waiting for me.
 Loving and fond ones—
 And yet one other,
 Dearer than all the world to me,
 I haste for I know in her valley home,
 Her heart counts sadly the weeks I roam.
 O Mother! dear Mother! I hasten to thee!

Oh me! oh me! my hard, hard fate!
 Mother has passed the celestial gate;
 Beyond she is waiting for me.
 Did I die while I was over the sea?
 Organ wailing and minister-bell,
 Are sounding ych @ lonely knell
 For the loss of Mother to me.
 By the grave in the shade of the linden tree,
 I languish for immortality.
 Who says there's light in the world for me?
 Mother! oh, would I had died with thee!

W. H. Keith

At Sea Sunday Sept 6th. 1866

Late

Once more I am cradled on the pinions of sleep—blessed, balmy sleep—when each trial is unknown
 and disappointments wing their flight.

Though distant far from @ blood and native land, lonely and companionless on the cheerless shore of Time
 Memory, true to her calling, journeys to the 'Isle of long ago' and looks on @ sunny slope whose olden covering
 Childhood's feet of gold upon. Let her dwell for aye in land of dreams, for @ mother there brings her sacred
 offering—Affection's kiss. In her name, to readers all, we say good night, and to the world, adieu!

Gum Tree Canoe

1st.

On the Tombigbee river so bright I was born.
In @ hut made of husks of the tall yellow corn.
It was there I first met with my Julia so true
And I rowed her about in my Gum tree canoe.

Chorus We will row we will row in the waters so blue
Like @ feather will float in our gum tree canoe.

2nd.

All day in the field the soft cotton I hoe.
I think of my Julia and sing as I go.
I catch her @ bird both @ wing of true blue
And at night row about in our Gum tree canoe.
Chs. We will &c. &c.

3rd.

With my hand on the oar and toe on the oar
I'll sing to the song of the river's soft roar.
When the stars they look down on my Julia so true
And dance in my eyes while in my Gum tree canoe.
Chs. We will &c. &c.

4th.

But one night the stream bore us so far far away
That we could not get back so we thought we would stay
When we espied @ tall ship with @ flag of true blue.
And they took us in tow in our Gum tree canoe.

Girls is @ particular noun of the lovely gender,
lady person, and for double number, hissing snore,
in the immediate tense, and in the expectation case
to matrimony, according to the general rule,

The Mariner's Grave

I remember 'twas down by @ darksome dale,
 And near to @ dreary cave,
 Where the wild winds wail, round the wanderer's pale,
 There I saw the mariner's grave.

[Repeat the last two lines of each verse.]

2nd.

I remember the night, it was stormy and wet,
 And dismally dashed the dark waves,
 When the rain and the sleet, cold and heavily beat,
 O'er the rude dug mariner's grave.

3rd

I remember how slowly the heaves trod,
 And how sad was the look they gave,
 As they rested their load, in its last abode,
 And so silently gazed on the grave.

4th.

I remember @ tear that slowly slid,
 Down the cheek of @ messmate's grave,
 As it fell on the lid, and soon was hid,
 For closed was the mariner's grave.

5th.

I remember no sound did the silence break,
 As his corpse to the earth they gave,
 Save the night birds shriek, and the coffin creak,
 As it sunk in the mariner's grave.

6th.

Now o'er his lone bed the briars creep,
 And the wild flowers mournfully wave,
 And the willows weep, and the moonbeams sleep,
 O'er the mariner's rude dug grave.

3

You'll Remember Me.

1st

When other lips and other hearts,
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess in parts
The power they feel so well,
There may perhaps in such a scene
Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been
Then you'll remember me.
I will remember You'll remember me.

End.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauties now thus bright,
And deem it but a faded light
That beams within those eyes.
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
I will grieve your own to see
In such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember me.
I will remember You'll remember me.
End

"Woe is my, woe, woe!
Not only in the sky, in starry gold
I see thy name, - I where peaceful rivers flow
Not only hear its sweetness manifold;
On every blue and white capped wave
It echoes every sea doth lave.

"There is."

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws,
Its black shade alike o'er my joys and my woes;

Ring, My Mother wore.
 This world has many treasures rare
 In gems and golden ore
 But my heart has one more precious far
 The ring my Mother wore.
 I saw it first when I a child
 Was playing by her side
 She told me 'twas my father's gift
 When she became his bride

Repeat last two lines of each verse.

2nd
 Beside the bed where fell my tears
 The ring to me was given
 She placed it on my hand and said
 We'll meet again in heaven
 I kissed the cheeks I oft had pressed
 From which the rose had fled
 And bowed with grief stood motionless
 Alone beside the dead.

3rd.
 I saw it oft in childhood's hours
 Which marked my after years
 When shining on the soft white hand
 It wiped away my tears.

And Oh I saw it once again
 When on her dying bed
 She lifted up her hands in prayer
 And placed it on my head.

4th.
 Beside the best in realms above
 Where sorrow is unknown
 Oh may I meet my mother there
 No more to weep alone
 Her dying words of truth and love
 I cherish ever more
 Within the heart I hold so dear
 The ring my Mother wore

Finis

Gallant Will

1st

Oh! the stormy times we knew in our suits of army blue.
When you and I were soldier boys together. Will.
One May, laid you in the soil where @ glow crowns your toil
As the Spring, crowns the gloomy winter weather. - Will.

Chorus.

Oh gallant, gallant Will
Your noble heart is still
Where the river wave rolls in the sun
You never more will thrill
At the wild bugles trill
Nor awake at the roar of the gun.

2nd

We loved each other more for the trials that we bore
When you and I were soldier boys in battle. Will.
And our hearts the stronger grew for the dangers we passed through
Mid cannons crash and rifles dreadful rattle. Will.

3rd

My fighting days are past like @ storm upon the blast
I walk in sorrow among the dead and dying. Will.
I recall the days with pride, when we battled side by side
And the stars and stripes above our heads were flying. Will.

4th

Oh, I still remember you, of the many tried and true
That slumber now in brother's glen and valley. Will.
And sometimes in @ dream will the old flag inspire me
And the spirits of the brave around it rally. Will.
Nor march to the war drums rolling
Nor march to the war drums rolling
Nor march to the war drums rolling
Nor shout when the battle is won
End.

The Ballet Girl,

1st.

I once did know @ ballet girl
That danced upon the stage.

Untill I saw her dance again
I thought each hour an age.

I used to sit down in the pit
A few seats from the front,

When gazing at her her pretty feet
I oftentimes saw her cunningly look at me.

Which gave me much delight.

And with this pretty girl I fell more deep in love each night.

2nd.

Last night I sat down by my hat
Twas in its usual place.

I felt my heart go pitty that
She danced with such @ grace.

But in spite of all my woes and fears
To my seat I could not stir.

So jumping out upon the stage

I showed to her my — presence there

And if she liked what she saw before her face

That she might have @ true love

To play with at her ease.

3rd.

Loud shouts and cries of "Turn him out"

Was heard from every side.

A constable who saw the deed

Was quickly by his side.

He says "Young man, I'm much surprised

That you should play such frolics.

This is not the proper place

For you to show your — boldness to the audience

For that you know is not right.

And if you persist in doing so

I'll lock you up all night.

(Continued on next page)

The Ballot Girl (continued)

4th

Much ashamed and much disgraced,
 They begged me from the place
 And in the watch house that night I slept
 Very much to my disgrace.
 And when the wint'ry unlocked the door —
 My heart with love grew big,
 And when he locked it up again
 I gave myself @ — finally caution how to act
 And not be @ fool
 The judge he fined me five pound five
 For following up this riddle.

5th

Next night I took my post outside
 With disappointed bliss.
 And when this maid she came that way
 I asked her for @ kiss.
 But she the most unladylike
 Said this disdainful last.
 For if you want to kiss young man
 You can kiss my — hand but not my face.
 For that you know is not right.
 Then I vowed I'd kiss her pretty face
 And see her home that night.

So falling down this boon to ask
 Enjoying love in heart
 Still she the most unladylike
 Turned round and let @ fancy man go along with her
 And see her home that night
 While I did wander through the streets
 Farewell my hearts delights

Salt Sea ~ ~

^{1st}
In Scotland City there lived three brothers.
Three brothers of late. Brothers three.
And they did cast lots to see which of them
Should go robbing all on the salt sea.

Chorus Salt sea

And they did cast &c. &c.

^{2nd}

The lot it fell to Henry Martin.
The youngest of these brothers three.
That he should go robbing all on the salt sea
To maintain his two brothers and he.

Cho. - And he

(Repeat last two lines)

^{3rd}

They sailed all night until the morning
Until the morning sailed he.
When they espied a tall lofty ship
Come sailing down under their lee.

Cho. - Their lee

(Repeat last two lines)

^{4th}

Who's there, who's there cries Henry Martin
Who's that comes sailing so nigh?
'Tis a rich merchant ship to London she's bound
If you please you may let her pass by.

Cho. - Pass by.

&c. &c.

^{5th}

Back your maintop sail and heave your ship to
Come drift down under my lee.
And I will take from you. Your rich flowing gold.
And your bodies will sink in the sea.

Cho. - Salt sea

&c. &c.

(Continued on next page)

Salt Sea (Continued)

6th

I'll not back my main topsail nor leave my ship to
 Nor come down under your lee.
 But we will save from you our rich flowing gold
 And our bodiis will save from the sea
 Cho. ~ Salt Sea

~c. ~c.

7th.

Broadsides, broadsides they gave to each other
 Broadsides they gave two or three
 When Henry Marten gave ^{them} their death wound
 And their bodiis he sank in the sea.
 Cho. ~ Salt sea

~c. ~c.

8th.

Bad news bad news go tell to old England
 Bad news I tell unto thee.
 For @ rich merchant ship has been robbed set adrift
 And her mariners sunk in the sea
 Cho. ~ Salt sea

~c. ~c.

(Finis)

Doran's Ass.

One Paddy Doyle lived in Killarmey,
He courted a girl named Biddy Foll;
His tongue was tipped with a bit of blarney.
The same to Paddy was a golden rule.
Both day and dawn she was his colleen;
When to himself he'd often say,
What need I care, when she's my drollen.
A coming to meet me on the way?
Whack fol de darrall ido,
Whack fol de darrall lat la.

2nd.

One heavenly night in last November
Paddy went out to meet his love.
What night it was I don't remember.
But the moon shone brightly from above.
That day the boy had got some liquor
Which made his spirits light and gay;
Arrah! what's the use of walking quaffer,
When I know she'll meet me on the way?
Whack fol re. re.

3rd.

He tuned his pipes and fell a humming
As gently onward he did jog;
But fatigue and whiskey Power came him.
So Paddy lay down upon the sod.
He was not long without a comrade.
One that could pick up the hay;
For a big jackass soon smelt out Paddy.
And lay down beside him on the way.
Whack fol re. re.

4th.

As Pat lay there in gentle slumbers.
Thinking of his Biddy dear.
He dreamt of pleasures without number.
A coming on the ensuing year.
He spread his arms out on the grass
Carr.

His spirits felt both light and gay,
But instead of Biddy he gripped the ass.
Roaring out I have her anyway.
Whack fol &c &c.

5th.

He hugged and smugged his hairy onusser,
And flung his hat to the worldly care,
Says Pat, she's mine and may Heaven bless her,
But oh, be my soul! she's like a bear.
He put his hand on the Dorkie's nose,
With that the Ass began to pray:
Pat jumped up and roared out:
Who dared me in such a way?
Whack fol &c &c.

6th.

Pat ran home as fast as he could,
At railway speed, or as fast, I am sure:
He never stopped @ leg or foot
Untill he came to Biddy's door.
By that time, 'twas getting morning:
Down on his knees he fell to pray,
Crying: Let one in my Biddy Darling
I'm killed, I'm murdered on the way.
Whack fol &c &c.

7th.

He told her his story mighty civil,
While she prepared @ whiskey glass:
How he hugged and smugged the hairy devil.
So long says she, 'twas I & Hans' Ass! I
I know it was, my Biddy darling.
They both got married the very next day.
But he never got back his old straw hat,
That the jack ass ate up on the way.
Whack fol &c &c.

Limerick Races.

1st.

I'm @ simple Irish lad, I've resolved to see some fun, sirs,
So, to satisfy my mind, to Limerick town I come, sirs;
Oh, murther! what @ precious place, and what @ charming cit!
Where the boys are all so free, and the girls are all so pretty!

Musha ring @ ding @ da,

Poi too ral laddy, oh!

Musha ring @ ding @ da,

Poi too ral laddy, oh!

2nd.

It was on the firsts of May when I began my rambls,
When everything was there, both jaunting cars and gambols:
I looked along the road, what was lined with smiling faces
All driving off, ding-dong to go and see the races.

Musha ring @ ding @ da &c. &c.

3rd.

So then I was resolved to go and see the race, sirs,
And on @ coach and four, I neatly took my place, sirs.
When @ chap bauls out, behind! and the coachman death @ blew, sirs,
Faith, he hit me just as fair as if his eyes were in his poll, sirs.

Musha ring @ ding @ da &c. &c.

4th.

So then I had to walk, and make no great delay, sirs,
Until I reached the course, where everything was gay, sirs.
It's then I spied @ wooden house, and in the upper story,
The band struck up @ tune, called "Garry Owen and glory."

Musha ring @ ding @ da &c. &c.

5th.

There were fiddlers playing jigs, there were lads and lasses dancing,
And chaps upon their nags round the course were they were prancing
Some were drinking whiskey punch, while others bauld out gaily,
Hurrah them for the sham rock green and the splinter of shillelagh."

Musha ring @ ding @ da &c. &c.

6th.

There were bettors to and fro to see who would win the race, sirs,
And one of the sporting chaps of course came up to me sirs.
Says he "I'll bet you fifty pounds and I'll put it down this minute
That when you say I the premash horse will win it, musha &c."

7
When the players came to town and @ funny set was they. ^{see}
I paid my two shillings to go and see the play, sir.
They acted kings and cobbles, queens and everything so gaily.
But I found myself at home when they struck up "Paddy Barry".
Muska ring @ ding @ Ka & c.

Caledonia.

^{1st}
My name it is David Williams in Glasgow I was born
The place of my nativity I now must leave in scorn.
The place of my nativity I now go far away
Fare well — Ye bonny hills & dales of Caledonia.

^{2nd}
The crime that I must suffer for is robbery and assault
I leave the blame upon no one although I'm not in fault
I leave the blame upon no one although with comrades trained
Fare well — Ye bonny hills and dales of Caledonia.

^{3rd}
The turnkey came next morning & unto us did say,
Arise, arise ye convicts I want you on this day.
Arise, arise ye convicts I want ye one all all.
Farewell — Ye bonny hills & dales of Caledonia.

^{4th}
They mounted us upon coaches our hearts being full of grief
Our friends they gathered around us could grant us no relief
Our friends they gathered around us likewise our comrades train
Farewell — Ye bonny hills & dales of Caledonia.

^{5th}
Farewell to my forefathers they were the best of men
Likewise to my dear sweetheart St. Catherine was her name
No more will roam round Clydeside nor around Montgomery's walls
Since the seas must roll between us and Caledonia.

^{6th}
Farewell to my poor Mother, I'm sorry for what I've done.
I hope one day will catch up to her the race that I have run.
I hope the Lord will protect her when I am far away
Farewell — Ye bonny hills and dales of Caledonia.

Katy Aowunen

1st

'Twas @ cold winters night and the tempest was snarlin',
 The snow like @ sheet covered cabin and styer,
 When Barney flew over the hills to his darlin',
 And tappit at the window where Katy did lie.
 "Arrah, jewel," said he, are ye sleeping or wakin',
 The night's bitter cold, and my coat it is thin,
 Oh, the storm 'tis @ brewin', the frost it is bakin',
 Oh, Katy Aowunen, you must let me in.

2nd

"Arrah, Barney," cried she, and she spoke thro' the window
 He, could ye be taken me out of my bed,
 To come at this time it's @ shame and @ sin, too,
 It's whiskey not love, that's got into your head.
 If your heart it was true, of my fame you'd be tender,
 Consider the time, an' there is nobody in,
 Oh, what has @ poor girl but her name to defend her?
 No, Barney Aowunen I won't let you in.

3rd

"Ah, cuishla," cried he, "it's my heart is @ fountain
 That weeps for the wrong, I might lay at your door,
 Your name is more white than the snow on the mountain
 And Barney would die to preserve it as pure.
 I'll go to my home, though the winter winds face me,
 I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy within,
 And the words of my Kathleen will comfort and bless me.
 Oh, Barney Aowunen, I won't let you in."

Edith May!

At Sea Jan 2nd. 1868.

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The Handsome Cabin Boy.

1st.

It is of @ pretty female, as you shall understand.
She had @ mind for roving into some foreign land;
Atired in sailors clothing, this fair maids did appear.
And engaged with @ captain to serve him for @ year.

2nd.

She engaged with the captain his cabin boy to be.
The wind its being favorable they soon put out to sea.
The Captains lady being on board, who seemed to enjoy
The favorable appearance of the handsome cabin boy.

3rd.

So nimble was the cabin boy and done his duty well.
But mark what followed after, the thing itself will tell.
The captain with this pretty maid would often kiss and toy.
And he soon found the secret of the handsome cabin boy.

4th.

Her cheeks were like roses, and with her side locks curl'd
The sailors often smiled and said, "she looks just like @ girl."
But by eating the captains biscuit, her color it did destroy.
And the which did grow large of this handsome cabin boy.

5th.

As through the Bay of Biscay our gallant ship did glide.
One night among the sailors there was @ pretty row.
They turned from their hammocks, their sleep it did destroy.
And swore about the groaning of the handsome cabin boy.

6th.

Oh doctor! Oh, doctor the cabin boy did cry—
The sailors swore by all that's good the cabin boy would die.
The doctor ran with all his might & laughing at the fear
To think @ cabin boy should have @ daughter or @ son.

The sailors soon found out the joke, and all began to clown.
The child belonged to none of them they solemnly did swear.
The captains lady to him said, "my dear I wish you joy,
For either you or I've betrayed the handsome cabin boy."

7th.

Then they all took @ bumper and drank success to trade.
I know to the cabin boy that neither man nor maid.
And if the waves should rise again the sailors to destroy.
Why then, will ship some sailors like the handsome cabin boy.

“Mother Would Comfort Me.”

A soldier in one of the New York regiments, after being severely wounded, was taken prisoner; and after being in the hospital for a number of days, he was told by those who were in attendance that they would do no more for him, that he must die.

For a few moments the poor fellow seemed in deep thought; then, rising a little, he turned slowly toward those near him, and after thanking them for the kind manner in which they had treated him during his sickness, he passed over his pale face, and with a firm voice he said, “Mother would comfort me, if she were here.”

These were his last words.

Wounded and sorrowful, far from my home,
Lying among strangers, uncared for, unknown;
Even the birds that used sweetly to sing,
Are silent, and swiftly pass by, the way,
No one but Mother can cheer me to-day,
No one for me could so gently pray,
None to console me, no kind friend is near,
Mother would comfort me if she were here.

Chorus. Gently her hand on my forehead she'd press,
Saying to free me from pain and distress:
“Kindly she'd say to me, Be of good cheer,
“Mother will comfort you, Mother is here!”

If she were with me, I soon would forget
My pain and my sorrows, no more would I fret;
One kiss from her lips, or one look from her eye,
Would make me contented and willing to die!
Gently her hand on my forehead she'd press,
Saying to free me from pain and distress:
“Kindly she'd say to me, Be of good cheer,
“Mother will comfort you, Mother is here!”

Chorus. Gently her hand &c.

Conclusion on next page.

Cheerfully, faithfully, Mother would stand
 Always beside me, by night, and by day.
 If I should murmur or wish to complain,
 Her gentle voice would soon calm me again.
 Sweetly @ Mother's love shines like a star
 Brightest, in darkness, when daylight is far.
 In clouds or in sunshine, pleasures or pains,
 Mother's affection is ever the same.
 Chorus. Gently her hand, &c.

Florida's Crew

1st
 One night off Mobile, the Yanks thought they knew
 And the wind from the N.W. most bitterly blew.
 They thought they knew and was so sure
 That the Florida was blocked in so snug and secure.
 Chs. - Hurry hurry for the Florida's crew.
 We'll roam with Gold Maffitt this world through & through.

2nd.
 Nine cruises they had as they laid off the bar
 And their lines to the seaward extended so far.
 And old Preble did say as he closed his eyes tight
 I'm sure they are all hammocked this cold bitter night.

3rd.
 Gold Maffitt commanded @ man of good name.
 When he cruised in the Dolphin you'd be all hand the same.
 He called his men aft and to them did say.
 I am bound to run out boys hear your anchor away.

4th.
 Our hull it was white washed our sails were well stowed
 Our steam it was up and the fresh winds did blow.
 Ch! when we ran by them the Yanks gave @ shout.
 We dropped all our canvas then opened her out.

5th.
 Oh! the R. R. Cuyler @ boat unrivalled for speed
 She quick slipped her anchor very quickly indeed.
 She thought to overhaul us and took us in play.
 Till her larger companions would get under way. (Over)

Florida's Crew (Continued)

6th.

Our coals being poor and our fuse being unclean.
The Cuyler was gaining & was plain to be seen
So @ long eleven inch. Boys we got ready for the chase
With two sixty eight boys. Beside her we placed

7th.

Those two sixty eight bull dogs to bear her company.
And very sharp teeth have those dogs of the sea.
But there's something to me which seems very strange.
That the Cuyler broke down when she got within range.

8th.

Oh! the first prize we took was @ Big I don't know her name.
Well loaded with stores and from New York she came.
We burned her and sank her so quickly you'll hear
Them straight for Havana steered the bold privateer

9th.

The next prize we took was @ Scho. well loaded with bread
What in the devil got into the President's head.
For to send us such biscuits. Its @ mighty fine thing
We have @ good laugh boys. they sit down and sing.

10th.

The next prize we took was the Lapping as I will unfold
With @ hold full of black diamonds which people call coal
With those in our bunkers we can tell Uncle Sam.
That we do not think his gunboats they are worth @ d-n
— Fair is —

Break it's gently to my Mother

This ballad was suggested by the following anecdote.
On the battle field of Gettysburg, among many of our wounded soldiers was a young man the only son of an aged mother. Hearing the surgeon tell his companions that he could not survive the ensuing night, he placed his hand upon his forehead, talking continually of his mother and sister, and said to his comrades assembled around him "Break it's gently to my mother."

See! ere the sun sinks behind those hills,
Ere darkness the earth doth cover,
You will lay me low in the cold damp ground,
Break it's gently to my mother!
I see her sweet sad face on me now,
And a smile doth pierce its frown,
Oh God! I would spare the tears that will flow,
Break it's gently to my Mother.

Chorus. Good bye, my mother ever dear,
Sister you loved your brother;
Comrades I take a last farewell,
Break it's gently to my mother.

Oh say that in battle I nobly died,
For Right, and our Country's honor;
Like the reapers grain, fell the leader slain,
Yet God saved our Starry Banner!
My sister playmate of boyhood's years,
Will lament her fallen brother!

She must try to soothe our parents' woe
Break it's gently to my mother.
Eho. Good bye, my mother &c. &c.

Let Me Kiss Him For His Mother

The incidents which prompted this ballad
is explained in the following:

During the ravages of the Yellow Fever in New Orleans
a young man from the State of Maine was attacked
with that dreadful disease and soon died, with no
relative to watch by his bedside, or soothe him with that
sympathy which none but those of our own "dear kindred
blood" can feel or manifest. He died among strangers,
and was buried by them. When the funeral service was over,
and the strange friends who had ministered to him were
about to close the coffin, an old lady who stood by stopped
them and said "Let me kiss him for his mother."

What more lovely?

Let me kiss him for his Mother,
Let me kiss his dear youthful brow;
I will love him for his Mother,
And give him blessing near.
Kind friends have soothed his pillow,
Have watched his even care,
Remains the weeping willow,
O lay him gently there.

Chorus.— Sleep dearest, sleep,
I love you as a brother,
Kind friends around you weep,
I've kissed you for your Mother.

Let me kiss him for his Mother,
What though left a lone stranger here:
She has loved him as none other,
I feel her blessing near.
Though cold that form lies sleeping,
Watch angels watch around;
Dear friends are near the weeping,
O lay him gently down.

Chorus.— Sleep dearest sleep &c. &c.

Let me kiss him for his Mother's
 Compensation @ fond sister dear:
 If @ father or @ brother
 I know their blessings here.
 Then kiss him for his Mother's
 Will soothe her after years;
 Farewell dear stranger, brother
 Our requiem, our tears.
 Chorus. Sleep dearie, &c.

Beautifull Isle of the Sea.

1845

Beautifull Isle of the sea smile on the brow of the waters
 Dear is thy memory to me Sweet is the song of thy daughters
 Down by each mountain and vale down by each ~~mountain~~ more
 O could I but wander forever
 Land of the old and the true Home ever dear unto me
 Beautiful Isle of the sea Beautiful Isle of the sea
 Home ever dear unto me Beautifull, Isle of the sea

Under the Willow She's Sleeping,

Under the willow she's laid with care -
(As a lone mother while weeping,)
Under the willow with golden hair
My little one's quietly sleeping.

Chorus

Fair, fair and golden hair
(As a lone mother while weeping,)
Fair, fair and golden hair;
Under the willow she's sleeping.

2

Under the willow, no songs are heard,
No more in starting his dreaming;
You only hear the voice of some far off bird.
His life and its pleasures are passing.
Fair, fair and golden hair &c. &c.

3

Under the willow by night and day
I wander ever, I ponder:
Where from the shadowy, gloomy ray,
Where never again can she wander.
Chorus. Fair, fair &c. &c.

4

Under the willow I breathe a prayer
Longing to linger forever,
Near to my angel with golden hair,
In lands where there's sorrowing never.
Chorus. Fair, fair &c. &c.

182
No One To Love.

1.

No one to love, none to caress,
Wandering alone through this world's wilderness;
Sad is my heart's joy, is unknown,
For in my sorrow I'm weeping alone;
No gentle voice, no tender smile,
Makes me rejoice, or eases my woe.
(Repeat first four lines.)

2.

In dreams alone, loved ones I see,
And well known voices then whisper to me;
Sighing I wake, waking I weep:
Soon with the loved and the lost I shall sleep.
Oh, blissful rest! what heart would stay,
Unloved, unloved, from heaven away?
(No one to love, &c. &c.)

3.

No one to love, none to caress,
None to respond to this heart's tenderness!
Trusting I wait: God in His love
Promised rest in His mansions above.
Oh, bliss in store, oh, joy mine own,
There never more to weep alone!
(No one to love, &c. &c.)

Thy bright smile haunts me still.

Years since, last we met,
 I thought we may not meet again;
 I have struggled to forget,
 But the struggle was in vain;
 For her voice lives on the breeze,
 And her spirit comes at will;
 In the midnight on the seas,
 Thy bright smile haunts me still
 For her voice lives on the breeze,
 And her spirit comes at will;
 In the midnight on the seas,
 Thy bright smile haunts me still.

2
 When the first dawns of light
 Shone upon the deep,
 I sought thy smile in sight,
 But it was not there;
 I close mine aching eyes,
 Dreams my senses fill;
 And from sleep when I arise,
 Thy bright smile haunts me still.
 When I close mine aching eyes,
 Dreams my senses fill;
 And from sleep when I arise,
 Thy bright smile haunts me still.

3
 I have scaled 'neath alpine skies,
 I have trod the desert path,
 I have seen the storm arise,
 Like a giant in his wrath;
 I've known danger I have known,
 But a reckless life can fill;
 Yet her presence is not flown,
 Her bright smile haunts me still.
 (Repeat last four lines)

189

'Tis Past Midnight! Why, Don't He Come?

I wonder why he comes not home.
For now 'tis one o'clock, and past
The snow is falling in the streets,
And I can hear the winter flatter:
I've laid the little ones to rest
And thus in dreamland roam,
Oh! would that I could be so fast!
I wonder why he comes not home!
I thought I heard his footstep thine
As he came slowly home,
But 'twas the nightwind's solemn song,
I wonder why he does not come!

2

The fatal wine-cup lures him forth,
How could I dream of such a thing,
When, years ago, he called me bride,
And placed upon my hand this ring.
To-night, ere Charlie went to sleep,
He asked, "Has father come?"
I could but think, as I now say,
I wonder why he comes not home!
I thought I heard

3

The clock on yonder spire strikes three,
All hope gives way to mute despair,
And with a prayer to Heaven I say,
The load is more than I can bear.
Oh! maidens, when the man you love,
Shall take you from your home,
May ne'er the wine-cup make you say,
I wonder why he does not come!
I thought I heard

Rock Me to Sleep, Mother.

Rock me, rock me, backward, oh time in your flight,
 Rock me @ child again, just for to night,
 Mother come back from the remotest shore,
 Take me again to your heart as of yore,
 From my forehead the furrows of care,
 Draw the fine silver threads out of my hair,
 Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Chorus ~ ~

Clasped to your heart, in a loving embrace,
 Let your light, tender just, soothe my face,
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Rock my heart, in days that are flown,
 Rock me like mother love ever has done;
 Rock me, mother, and endures,
 Rock me, mother, and patient, like yours,
 Rock me, mother, can charm away pain,
 Rock me, mother, and the world weary brain,
 Rock me, mother, can soothe my heavy lids deep;
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Chorus. Clasped to your heart, re re.

Come, let your, brown hair just lighted with gold,
 Fall on your shoulders again as of old,
 Let it drop over my forehead to night,
 Shading my fair, eyes an eye from the light,
 Let it with its sunny edged shadows once more,
 Sleepy will through the sweet visions of yore,
 Softly, softly, its bright billows sweep,
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Chorus — Clasped to your heart, re re.

